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The Paraguay Reductions.

MORE than ordinary attention has of late been paid to the mysterious regions of South America, on account of the war, scarcely yet terminated, which for nearly six years has been waged between President Don Francisco Solano Lopez on the one hand, and the Brazilian empire and its Argentine allies on the other. We are not far from the truth when we assert, that there is hardly a country on the face of the earth concerning which so little is known. Let the reader take a good map of that southernmost portion of the Western Hemisphere, and cast his eye upon the space bounded by parallels 22° and 28° south latitude, and 53° and 58° west longitude, and he will see there the extent of the actual Paraguay Proper, a country about as large as England. But until about fifty years before our time, the same name designated a much wider region: the whole of the immense basins of the rivers Paraná, Paraguay, and Uruguay, comprising from north to south all the country lying between 20° and 35° of south latitude, and from 62° of west longitude to the Atlantic sea-board. It is of this vast expanse that the historians Del Techo and Charlevoix speak under the name of Paraguay.

It is now well-nigh half a century since this great portion of the South American continent became emancipated—we use this word without necessarily adopting the idea it embodies—from the dominion of Spain. Which of the two lost most by this event, the Paraguayans or the Spaniards, it is difficult to tell without entering into much discussion irrelevant to our object; nor is it much easier to conjecture what would be the present condition of these countries had they remained to this day in the possession of their former owners. The absolute theocratical government established there by the Jesuit Missionaries was a moral and political phenomenon of so unusual a nature, that we have no parallel historical fact wherewith to compare it; nothing by analogy with which certain deductions could be drawn as to probable future contingencies. This could only be done, and even then with no great amount of certainty, after making practical acquaintance with the country itself, its physical features, its

people and their peculiarities of language, temper, customs, and religion. Most writers on Paraguay since the time of Charlevoix, that is for more than a hundred years, have had for their object more particularly to extol or depreciate, as it happened to suit their own interests or flatter their readers' prejudices, the exterior aspect, as well as the commercial advantages and political condition of that country. Scarcely any have spoken, and if any, generally in a very superficial manner—or worse, with strongly biassed minds—of the moral and religious state of Paraguay in our times, as compared with that same condition under the theocratical rule of the Jesuits. It may be in our power to lay before our readers some clear and unprejudiced notions on the subject, not taken from books or hearsay only, but founded upon personal observation and a passable acquaintance with the history, the men, and the things of that interesting part of the New World.

We need but very briefly sum up the general features of the history of Paraguay, from its discovery by Juan de Solis* in 1519, until the year 1768. The first of these dates implies that we speak of Paraguay as laid down in the old maps, that is, as embracing the whole of the course of the Rio de la Plata and its two great affluents. The earliest Missionaries of whom we have an account were the Franciscan Fray Luis de Bolaños and St. Francis Solano, who in the course of the sixteenth century evangelised the vast regions now known by the names of Tucuman and Bolivia, and the hardly yet named wildernesses which lie to the north and north-west of the Gran Chaco. There was published at Lima, in the year 1620, a Catechism of Christian Doctrine written in the Guarani language by the former of these Fathers, and this was afterwards generally made use of in the Paraguay Reductions. Some extracts from this Catechism we shall lay by-and-by before the reader as exemplifying a peculiar trait of Indian character and the acute discriminating judgment of the Missionaries. The whole country is still full of the mighty deeds and greater virtues of St. Francis Solano; and not the least interesting of the many relics connected with him is a lofty cedar growing in the cloister garden of the Franciscans at Buenos Ayres, which tradition says was planted by the Saint's hands. But the labours of these early pioneers of the faith, admirable though they were, could not produce those permanent results by which a more scientific system of Missionary zeal was afterwards

* This enterprising explorer was killed and devoured by the Charrúa Indians on the banks of the Rio de la Plata.

rewarded. Numerous traces, indeed, of Christian faith and practice were found by the Missionaries of a later period among several of the tribes of the wilderness; but it was reserved to the disciples of St. Ignatius of Loyola to realise amidst the boundless swamps, plains, and forests of the tropical New World, a Christian theocracy. From the entrance of Fathers De Ortega and Fields into the Province of Guayra, in 1588, until the suppression of the Jesuit Missions in 1768, there were established thirty-three Reductions, or Doctrines as they were originally called, besides almost innumerable outlying stations called *haciendas* or farms, where cattle and provisions were raised and stored up. There were also many flying Missions among the nomadic tribes of the distant wilderness. These Reductions were mostly established at first near the banks of the streams, as the Reductions de los Reyes, also called Yapehú, Santa Cruz, Saõ Francisco de Borja, Saõ Thomé, and others on the Uruguay; and afterwards, for reasons given further on, more inland, as most of the establishments founded in the fork of the Paraná and Paraguay rivers. There is a wide tract of country lying on both banks of the Uruguay on the 28° of south latitude, which was the centre or heart of the Reductions; and that stretch of country, say 300 miles up and down by 150 in width, the western half of which is now in the Argentine Province of Corrientes and the eastern portion in Brazil, still goes by the name of Las Misiones, or, as the Brazilians call their portion of it, *As sete Missões*—"The seven Missions." There are within that tract a number of villages, formerly Reductions, such as San Luis, San Miguel, Santos Apostolos, S. Antonio, S. Angelo, S. Fr. Xavier, and others, nearly all founded between the years 1603 and the beginning of the eighteenth century; and others established at a later period among the low plains of the southernmost path of Paraguay Proper, to the north of that bend of the mighty Paraná, which runs due east and west from a point just above Candelaria to the town of San Juan de Corrientes. These villages were originally established by the Missionary Fathers away from the primitive forests, amidst the savannahs which lie almost interminably on both sides of the great rivers; and if not actually on the bank of the streams themselves, at least but a short distance from them. This policy had a manifold object. It was found impossible, while they dwelt in the woods, to fix these ever-wandering and hunting tribes to any one spot; they would be better able in the *llanos* or plains to labour steadily in cultivating the land and rearing cattle, from both of which

they drew a permanent supply of food ; and the position of the Reductions near the rivers not only afforded their inhabitants an abundance of fish, but also rendered intercommunication more practicable, especially when, as happened but too frequently, these infant Christian communities were assailed and cruelly ravaged by the slave-hunting Paulistas.

The name of these dreaded marauders is too intimately connected with the history of the Reductions not to oblige us here briefly to refer to them. Shortly after the first discovery of Brazil, sundry adventurers penetrated into the interior in search of gold, starting from the neighbourhood of Porto Seguro in 17° south latitude, and taking a south-westerly direction across the rugged mountains until they reached the wild gorges of the Sierra, where the great river São Francisco takes its rise, and in that portion of Brazil now called Minas Geraes. This district was found richly productive of diamonds and the precious metals. But mining labour is not light work: the needy adventurers who had swarmed into Brazil after Alvarez Cabral were not disposed, especially under a tropical sky, to shorten their days in the search and acquisition of riches they might never have health or time to enjoy. They therefore compelled the hapless Tupinambá Indians, who occupied that mining region, to extract for them from the depths of the earth the gold and jewels they so greedily coveted. Vast numbers of these poor natives perished in the mines, what with the unusual fatigue, what with starvation and ill-treatment. The neighbouring tribes sought shelter from the horrible tyranny of the Whites, and the inevitable destruction which awaited them, amidst the trackless wilds of the distant and impenetrable Matto Grosso forests. The mining country soon became a desert, and for want of labourers the supply of the precious metals ran short. This was of course before the importation of the Blacks from the coast of Africa. These came after a time to replace the rapidly disappearing Indians, more than two millions of whom, according to official documents, perished miserably through the rapacity of the Portuguese discoverers.

Some of these last, however, who had found life insupportable amidst the barren mountains of what is now the Province de Espiritu Santo, sailed along the coast until they came to a favourable spot, clear of forest, a few leagues to the south-westward of the present port of Santos, and there founded an *aldeia*, which they called São Vicente, and which soon became a flourishing settlement. Two or three years later, about 1618,

some of these settlers pushed forward into the mountainous interior, until they arrived at an Indian village of the name of Piratiningá; and this spot they found so cool, so green, so pleasant, as to remind them vividly of the scenery and climate of Europe, and they determined to establish themselves there, as a favourable centre of future excursions into the apparently boundless continent. This was on the eve of the Church Festival of the Conversion of St. Paul, and the rising town was therefore called São Paulo de Piratiningá. A short time after, Father Emmanuel de Nobrega, the first Provincial of the Society of Jesus in Brazil, judged that this new settlement was admirably calculated to facilitate the work of the evangelisation of the natives, and therefore he removed thither the House and College which had been originally established at St. Vincent's. Peace and sound morality reigned for a while in the new colony under the care of the Fathers; but fresh settlers arrived from the coast, some of whom had been slave-hunters and slave-owners elsewhere. Great laxity of manners began to prevail, unblessed alliances were contracted with the native women, a thing which had been wisely interdicted by the laws, and soon the population of São Paulo became so utterly corrupted, and so daring in its excesses as to acquire the name of *Mamelus*, or Mamelukes, from their resemblance to the famous mercenaries of that name.* Parties of slave-hunters continually left for distant explorations among the forests, whence they brought to the coast, heavily chained, large gangs of miserable Indians, men, women, children, for hopeless hard labour and certain death in the mines. These Paulistas were for three quarters of a century the most cruel enemies the Paraguay Reductions had to encounter. Numbers of the earlier Reductions were utterly ruined and destroyed by them, and their wretched neophytes carried away hundreds of miles into bondage, many of them strewing the forest paths with their bones, having perished on the way through hunger, cold, exposure, and violence!†

These execrable men-robbers trod under foot every fear, human and divine, to accomplish their purpose. They would sometimes assume the dress and appearance of Missionaries, and carrying aloft, as the Jesuits were wont to do, a great cross before them, they penetrated among unsuspecting tribes, whom they attracted and lulled to a sense of security by small gifts, such as beads, mirrors, and the like. Then planting the cross in

* The town of Sao Paulo to this day bears a bad name throughout Brazil.

† Charlevoix, lib. vi.; Southey, *History of Brazil*, passim.

their midst, and with the sacred name of Christ on their hypocritical lips, they would compass their end, so that not one poor Indian of the *aldéa* should escape. And in the middle of a dark night they would suddenly pounce like tigers on their disarmed victims, and load them with fetters previous to the morning's wearisome march coastwards. It was this diabolical wickedness of the Paulistas which rendered it in many instances so difficult to the Missionaries to gather together into communities the Indians who could not at first discern the pastors from the wolves.

Father Luis de Bolaños, the most illustrious of the disciples of St. Francis Solano,* owing to old age and infirmity, had been recalled to Peru by his Superiors. His place was soon supplied by the Jesuit Fathers, Joseph Cataldino and Simon Maceta, both Italians, who, at the request of the Bishop and the Governor of Paraguay, endeavoured to gather together the Guaraní Indians, whom the Fathers De Ortega and Fields† had already gained over to Jesus Christ in the Province of Guayra. Leave was given them to go about among the tribes and to form Christian villages with proper laws and regulations, independently of all meddling or interference by the civil power. There were in all that vast region at that time but two Priests, one of whom is said to have been a worthless man, so that the field was a wide one for the zeal and labour of the new comers. These two Fathers arrived in the recently-founded town of Ciudad-Real in February, 1609, on their way to the Guaranis of the river Paranapané; but the inhabitants, who had been for a long time deprived of the Sacraments, would not let them depart till they had given them a Mission, the fatigues of which were so great that both Missionaries were very ill for some time. When sufficiently recovered, they proceeded on their way with guides until they reached the great river whose Indian name signifies the "Unlucky Stream," a denomination it had obtained after a defeat sustained on its banks by the Guaranis at the hands of their ancient enemies, the Guaicurús. They took boat on the Paranapané, and ascended it until they reached the mouth of the Pirapé river, where they found a few score families who had been formerly baptised by Fathers De Ortega and Fields. They persuaded these Indians, and some more whom they had picked up on their way, to settle down and build a village on that spot, showing them how much more secure they would be against their

* See the Life of this Saint, edited by the Oratorians, and published a few years ago by Richardson.

† The latter was a native of Scotland.

numerous enemies, if they would thus live and labour together under the care and protection of the Fathers. Thus was formed the first Paraguay Reduction, which was appropriately styled *Nuestra Señora de Loreto*, being placed under the patronage of the Mother of God.* Up to the year 1727, Charlevoix reckons thirty Reductions; there were at the suppression in August, 1768, thirty-three; but more than double that number of Doctrines had been founded at various times, many of which were either transferred elsewhere, or ruined by the Paulistas, or altogether forsaken because of the frequent incursions of these robbers, or the molestations of the savage tribes.

There is not one of them now standing; but the ruins which so frequently sadden the eyes of the traveller attest the extraordinary success attained by the children of St. Ignatius in Christianising and highly civilising the numerous Guarani race. It would be superfluous here to further describe the establishment and the subsequent mode of government, great prosperity, and final ruin of the Reductions, when accurate and judicious writers such as Charlevoix,† Muratori, and others, have already amply done it. Our object is to make our readers understand and, if possible, realise the fearful calamity which overwhelmed this fairest region of the New World under the prompting of the infidels of the last century, by comparing its present state, physical, moral, and religious, with its condition under all these respects as late as a hundred years ago. This comparison, better than anything else, will enable us to know the true causes of that otherwise inexplicable phenomenon we have lately beheld in Paraguay, that of a whole nation as passively shaped into a tool for battle, slaughter, and cruelty, and into abject submission to the tyranny of Lopez, as any instrument of stone or iron that is moulded by the will and the hands of the handicraftsman.

The Guarani race, at one time occupying fully one third of the continent of South America, from the mouth of the Río de la Plata to the sources of the numerous streams which flow northwards into the Amazon, had thrown out numerous off-shoots throughout the boundless *llanos* and forests of the west as far

* To this day nearly all the women inhabiting the broken remnants of the old Reductions bear the name of Mary, together with some one or other of our Lady's titles, by which latter denomination they are familiarly called, as Loreto, Asuncion, Dolores, Parto, Rosario, Immacolata, and the like.

† We gladly bear testimony, from the evidence of our own eyes, to the general accuracy and truthfulness of the historian Charlevoix in his book on Paraguay, which truthfulness had been, for obvious reasons, questioned by the philosophical writers of the Encyclopedia and their echoes.

as the Andes. These multitudinous tribes bore equally multitudinous names; and their original Guarani idiom, which from the early European gold-seekers had received the appellation of the *Lingua geral*, had also been greatly modified into an endless number of dialects, many of them so utterly different at last from their root as to appear totally distinct tongues. But the original race still dwelt, and has continued to dwell, in the regions of which Paraguay Proper may be termed the nucleus. There is no doubt whatever that they were cannibals; and this monstrous propensity was frequently gratified during the incessant wars in which they engaged in the neighbouring nations. Physically strong, with limbs well set, broad-chested, short-necked, and large-headed, there is yet in their great brown eyes an unspeakably mild expression which renders almost incredible the authentic accounts of their ferocity when roused. Their colour is an olive-brown. They invariably have an abundance of thick and lustrous black hair, which the men cut straight round their heads, an inch or so above the eyes—which habit has caused a tribe of them to be called *Coroados*, that is, the "Crowned." The women allow their hair to fall down in natural, wavy tresses, duly and carefully parted in the middle of the head. The impression one receives at the first sight of these Indians is, that they are somewhat dull and stupid, and of a mild and docile disposition. The Jesuit Missionaries, from all accounts, certainly succeeded in making them miracles of docility, though they found them at first absolutely unteachable, sunk, as indeed all savages have been found to be more or less, in the grossest materialism. They were themselves even not aware of their remarkable musical aptitude: this the early Missionaries guessed from the wondrous natural beauties of land, flood, and forest, which surrounded them, and this capacity or taste became a powerful auxiliary in the work of their conversion. Phrenologists would say that the Guarani cranium possessed a very large development of the faculty of reverence. Had not these Indians been more remarkable for this quality than is the New Zealand Maori race, for instance, it is questionable whether the almost fabulous government of the Reductions could ever have existed; and assuredly the late rulers of that country, the Dictator Francia, and the two Lopez, father and son, would never have astonished and horrified the world by their astounding tyranny. The Missionaries also discovered, at an early period of their labours, the great aptitude of the Guaranis for the arts, whether of music, painting, or sculpture, and for the more recondite mysteries of skilled

labour, such as clock-making, and other highly intellectual or scientific handicrafts. There are not lacking at this day specimens of the perfection to which the Guaranis had carried their various undertakings in that way. They are said not to have been very inventive, but, like the Chinese, to have excelled in imitation.* There are very few implements of civilised life, excepting weapons of war, which for political reasons were not allowed to be manufactured by the Indians, which the Guaranis imported from the Old World. Almost everything of the kind was made by them, and skilfully made.

Of their religious turn of mind, little more need be said than what is already so well known from the works of their historians. Many have been inclined to say that this disposition was allowed to run into dangerous excess; that a Christian republic, as the Reductions might fitly be called, should not have been modelled on the plan of the strictest asceticism; that this exaggerated piety had softened the otherwise generous and spirited nature of the natives to such a degree as to unfit them afterwards for meeting adversity and resisting the atrocious tyranny of a Francia. These reasons would be more to the purpose, had the Missionary system of government been permitted to attain its perfection by length of time, and not been suddenly overthrown while still in the condition of an experiment. Be it as it may, the innocence, the fervour, the charity, and the profound peace of the early Christians were wonderfully reproduced in the Paraguay Reductions.† We are of opinion that the experiment there so successfully tried by the Jesuit Fathers amply proves that the world needs no more effective civiliser than Christianity, if unimpeded in its work by earthly and unearthly influences. We are, moreover, of opinion that the expulsion of the Jesuits from the Reductions, productive as it was of utter desolation and the ruin of Christian civilisation in Paraguay and the adjacent regions, may rightly be deemed one of the most enormous crimes committed on the earth since the murder of our Lord by the Jews.

* In the scarcely yet terminated war between Lopez and the Brazilians and Argentines, we find the ruler of Paraguay well provided with warlike munitions of the most recent invention, such as rifled guns, shells, &c., and all these were of native manufacture.

† A Mission was given to the Indians of the former Jesuit *hacienda* of St. Vincent, not far from Uruguay, at the beginning of 1864. We have the Missionary Father's own testimony that he could not find matter for absolution in the confessions of some of these Guaranis, who had not had the opportunity of approaching the Sacraments for more than fifty years!

The country over which the Reductions were scattered was eminently favourable to pastoral life, and a more suitable life than this could not have been found for the Christianised Indians. It gave them full scope for their unreformed nomadic habits; the rearing and tending of cattle afforded labour without much risk and expense; there was just enough excitement and danger in the occasional encounter of the neophytes with the wild beasts which now and then would attack the herds to satisfy their natural love for the chase, in which they had so long indulged; it gave the Missionaries an ever certain means of feeding their converts, whose natural improvidence would have made their sustenance at times precarious, if this solely depended on the cultivation of the soil. Farming was not, however, neglected. In and around the Reductions extensive plots of land were laid aside for the growth of corn and fruit; and the now weed-grown and ruin-strewn garden of the Fathers at the Reduction of Saõ Thomé, on the right bank of the Alto-Uruguay, yet attests in its desolation the splendour and the taste which made that spot at one time a true earthly paradise, far more beautiful with abundant flowers and fruit than any Old World pleasure could claim to be. When we visited these melancholy ruins half a dozen years ago, several acres of ground were thickly strewn with tens of thousands of magnificent oranges, limes, and citrons, half-devoured by multitudinous flights of green parrots, apparently the sole owners of the place, if we except the probably numerous snakes which lurked amidst the tangled herbage and by the broken pillars and walls. Groves of orange and other fruit-trees were always planted by the Fathers around the Reductions, and their produce made its way every season down the rivers to the distant cities, to Santa Fé, to Buenos Ayres, and thereby considerably augmented the well-being and the resources of the communities. We may mention, among others, the still standing and flourishing orange groves of the Reductions de los Reyes, of that of Santa Cruz, and of Saõ Francisco de Borja, all on the Uruguay.

The Reductions were uniformly built, and apparently with great regard to convenience and shelter against the elements. The village was always in the form of an elongated square, of which the church and the Fathers' house occupied one of the smaller sides. The space, or *patio*, enclosed by the buildings was grass-laid, and served as a place of assembly, a play-ground, a public walk, a convenient spot for schooling and catechising the children of evenings in a climate ever sunshiny and smiling; and also as a suitable place for religious processions, which were

of constant occurrence. Next to the Fathers' residence, at the top of one of the long sides, were the public stores in which corn, food, seed, hides, tools, and implements of all sorts were kept. Next to these stores were the public workshops for tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, smiths, and the like; and opposite to them, on the other side of the square, the hospital for the sick. All the other buildings of the square were the ordinary dwelling-houses of the people, consisting of one large front room for habitation, and a smaller inner room for sleeping. This again communicated with a back open-air shed, where the cooking and all other domestic operations were performed. With the exception of the church, all the buildings of the Reductions were made with huge timber beams and *adobes*, the latter a sunbaked large brick, composed of river-sand and fine slate-coloured clay, extracted from the *banhados* or marshy lands bordering the rivers. These slabs, which were cut like cheese when moist, were exposed for some weeks to the sun till thoroughly dry and hard, and then placed over another without any mortar of any sort, so as to form thick walls of great compactness and solidity, absolutely impervious to the sun, rain, moisture, or wind, proof also against the nestling of insects; in fact, perfect as far as comfort goes. The houses had no stories, fire-places, or chimneys. Iron was not used in any shape, but hard wooden pegs and hooks in abundance were driven into the walls for every kind of convenience, for placing shelves, hanging hammocks, &c. The furniture was of the simplest yet most substantial kind; tables, cupboards, and even the sitting stools, which were transverse blocks cut from young trees, being mostly made of the odoriferous and incorruptible red cedar, the only wood insects leave alone, and therefore most valuable where the patience-worrying insect-world is so prolific.

The church engrossed to itself, as it was befitting it should, all the resources and efforts of skill and magnificence of ornamentation of which the devotion of the Indians was capable. It was generally built of huge square blocks of dark brown stone, very heavy, and in appearance somewhat resembling that peculiar flinty agglomerate which is found in some of the home English countries, and which in some places is known by the name of "Hertfordshire pudding." That stone abounds on the banks of the Alto-Uruguay as well as in the bed of that river, and appears to contain much iron. Some of these blocks must have weighed three and four tons. Their weight gives us a high idea of the mechanical skill and dynamic appliances of the Indian architects; for they are still to be seen, as at the Reduc-

tions of Saõ Thomé and Saõ Luiz, raised on the top of walls seventy and eighty feet in height. The stones, like the *adobes* of the Indian cottages, were superposed without any cement or fastening, and their enormous weight and geometrical precision of squaring sufficiently secured the solidity of the walls. The pillars were mostly formed of single trunks of a tree called in Paraguay *Tétané*, whose timber is almost axe-proof and incorruptible. These were either artistically carved with arabesques or built round with stones so as to form very massive piers. The churches were interiorly oblong squares without aisles; the altar end was railed off throughout the whole breadth of the building, and above the altar, and parallel with the end wall, ran a broad stone or wooden shelf on which stood various statues of Saints, of life-size, carved in wood, and richly coloured and gilt. The excellence of the gilding in particular is proved by the perfection and brilliancy it still preserves, after more than a century of desolation, in those few images which have escaped the Vandalism of the destroyer.

The Reductions were especially rich in sacred vessels and church bells. Many of these are still to be seen, and indeed used to this day, in sundry churches about the country; but as to the plate, of which but a few specimens remain, it was ruthlessly plundered at the suppression of the Society, and it may now be seen in the abodes of the country *estancieros* or city magnates in the shape of gorgeous dinner services, or massive saddle, bridle, boot and spur decorations. The native gold and silver-smiths yielded to none of their craft in Europe for skill, whether of design or of workmanship. Their altar vessels were frequently studded with rare stones, and we have seen on some of them amethysts and topazes of great size and of the purest water. Iron implements were scarce, though that mineral abounds everywhere in Paraguay; and this was owing in part to the necessity of leaving the early neophytes, for obvious reasons, in ignorance of the manufacture of warlike weapons.

If the ultimate object of all good government is to give to those who are governed the greatest amount of happiness possible in this world, we must own that the Jesuits had perfectly attained that object in Paraguay; and there is no reason whatever to doubt that if their policy and power had not been so suddenly interfered with and utterly destroyed by violence, they would in the course of time have succeeded in Christianising and civilising one after another the multitudinous tribes of the whole of the continent. The existing Reductions had attained their highest state of prosperity about the year 1735, when the first indications

appeared of the gathering of that fearful storm which a third of a century later was to sweep them and their labours away for ever from South America. No new establishments could well be attempted, when the minds of the Missionaries were filled with anxious fears, and all their energies were needed to stem the flood of calumnies against them which deluged the Courts and the society of Europe. If we look at the condition of the Reductions at the date above mentioned, we find a collected population of more than 200,000 Indians, not yet long weaned from that horrible cannibalism which, we presume, is the ultimate and most complete expression of human degradation: we find these Indians well housed, well clothed, well fed, without any fear of those intermittent periods of famine which but too frequently desolate our most civilised States; we find them happy and contented under the just and fatherly rule of Missionaries, whom their descendants to this day call, with tears in their eyes, *los buenos Padres*; we admire their wonderful proficiency in the useful and higher arts, agriculture, manufactures, music, painting, sculpture, and even literature.* What more could be desired? And if to that happiness and high proficiency in artistic and scientific lore, we add a wonderful innocence of morals, a profound and intelligent appreciation and practice of the Christian faith, and an almost entire absence of crime and degrading punishment, we must own that the problem has been solved, and that God permitted us to behold even only for a few years, how completely sufficient a means is Christianity for the civilisation and welfare of the world, if uninterfered with and unimpeded by Satan's malice and man's ignorance or wickedness.

It will of course be objected to this our view that the utter collapse of this happiness under the rulers who succeeded the expelled Fathers proves that something was yet wanted to render it lasting, namely, political education and free institutions. Had the Paraguayans, it is said, been less despotically, though paternally, governed; had they been imbued with a proper sense of their dignity as man, instead of being led and kept in order just as a school of little boys, they would not so readily and abjectly have submitted to the forty years' tyranny of a Francia, nor consented to be led to the hopeless slaughter of so many battle-fields by the two Lopez, even almost to the annihilation of their race. This reasoning is plausible, but nothing more. The Indians were certainly child-like, after they had renounced

* A poem of native composition is given below as a specimen of their poetical skill.

their savage condition. Putting aside the work of grace on their minds and hearts, which to mere philosophers is no reality, we see that they were awed by their sense of the unearthly goodness and knowledge of their teachers, whom they looked upon at first as demi-gods. But, because a child has much the same feeling with regard to a virtuous and learned parent, does it follow that the child's knowledge and virtue will never grow so as to equal and perhaps surpass his father's? The conversion of these Indian tribes naturally preceded their political education. Both must be the work of a long time and much labour. Nations do not attain excellence in a few years, and the present political freedom even of England was of slow growth, and is not now old. The poor Guarani Christians of Paraguay had not governmental traditions of centuries, nor the precedents, as we have, of many-sorted tyrants and their doings. To expect this recently civilised people to have skilfully combined together, when suddenly and violently deprived of their paternal guides, clearly to discern and successfully to thwart the despotism of an astute and unscrupulous lawyer like Francia, would be as reasonable as to expect that a few hundreds of just emancipated school-boys would be able, at a day's notice, to replace without damage to the State all the Members of both Houses of Parliament as well as the Cabinet Ministers.

The main object of the Missionaries, however, was less to form men and citizens out of brutal savages than to make them Christians and Saints, and in this all history testifies how admirably they succeeded. Official documents prove the entire absence of grievous crime among the Reductions. In that of Los Reyes,* for instance, there were in the course of forty years, amidst a population of 10,000 souls, but about a score of petty thefts, which were the most heinous known offences, if we except the laughable circumstance of two voracious Indian ploughmen, who one day took a fancy to the flesh of their plough-bullocks, which they devoured, and then ran away to the woods. They came back, after wandering about and starving for a fortnight, and were deemed sufficiently chastised by a public whipping, and another week's fasting on bread and water! We have abundant testimony that such a thing as wilful deadly sin was absolutely unknown in the Reductions. Del Techo, Charlevoix, Muratori,† and others, dwell in enraptured language on the

* This was the residence of the Superior-General of the Missions, opposite the Island of Yapehu, Alto-Uruguay, on the mainland of the Province of Corrientes.

† *Il Cristianesimo felice.*

innocence, the fervour, and the enduring faith of these primitive Christians. There are ample vestiges of this even in our days. Many of these Reductions have been utterly desolate and deprived of all spiritual care for a hundred years, yet when some of them were revisited a few years ago by Missionaries, a very good knowledge of the Christian mysteries was found to be, upon the whole, still possessed by the scattered Indians. Very many of them had never assisted at the Holy Sacrifice, yet they understood well its nature, and all, young and old, sang during its celebration the beautiful sacred hymns of their forefathers.

These hymns, many of which are still used by the Indians in their traditional festivals and pilgrimages to ancient shrines,* and for the most part composed in the Guarani tongue by native poets, give us no slight esteem for their powers of imagination and expression, as well as for the theological accuracy of their Christian doctrine. We subjoin one as a specimen, which used to be—and still is at times—sung by them in the Maundy Thursday procession, when accompanying a figure of the *Ecce Homo* surrounded by all the emblems of the Passion. When the procession was about to leave the church, a little before sunset, the chief singer would advance to the platform, on which stood the purple-clad and thorn-crowned effigy of our Saviour, and making a bow to the very ground, would begin in a grave voice, and as a recitative, the Latin title, *Passio Domini nostri Jesu Christi*. Then three or four chosen voices, a bass, an alto, a tenor, or a contralto, would sing with a plaintive melody each succeeding circumstance of our Lord's Passion, the whole people, at the end of each stanza, striking their breasts and joining in the chorus, *Ah ! Christo ñande jára !* It would be difficult to imagine a melody more truly attuned to the great tragedy the words embodied ; the chorus especially reminded one of the Prophetic Lamentations, and would not have been unworthy of the world-famed sadness of the ancient Greek tragical recitatives. We give one or two stanzas of the original hymn,† and a faithful translation of the whole of it.

* All the prayers used in public worship were sung to a simple melody, even the daily *Pater noster* and *Ave*, and especially the Rosary.

† Christo ñande jára eóehmi borará yeuatia pizera ñande moñangará.

Ah, Christo, ñande jára, Ah, Christo, ñande jára !

Condé quarépote yiogua haguera ñandé moñangará iogua pizera.

Ah, Christo, ñande gára ! &c.

[*Condé*, a frequent word in the mouth of a Guarani, means *here, behold, take*. It is best translated by the French expletive *tenes*.]

Christ our Lord suffered, having made Himself known to us as our Creator.

Alas ! Christ our Lord. Ah, Christ our Lord !

Behold that money with which our Creator was bought, with which He was bought, alas !

Chorus : Ah ! Christ our Lord !

Behold that torch with which they went to seize our Creator, alas ! they went to seize Him !

Ah ! Christ, &c.

Behold that garden where our Creator prayed, alas ! where He prayed !

Ah ! &c.

Behold that iron gauntlet with which was buffeted our Creator, alas ! He was buffeted !

Ah ! &c.

Behold that great knife (sword) St. Peter used to succour our Creator, alas ! St. Peter used the knife !

Ah ! &c.

Behold that cock which made St. Peter weep. Ah ! our Creator made him weep !

Ah ! &c.

Behold that crown of thorns they put upon the head of our Creator, alas ! they put it upon His head !

Ah ! &c.

Behold that cord with which they tied the hands of our Creator, alas ! they tied His hands !

Ah ! &c.

Behold that pillar to which our Creator was fastened, alas ! our Creator was bound !

Ah, &c.

Behold that scourge with which our Creator was lashed, alas ! He was scourged !

Ah ! &c.

Behold that cloth (St. Veronica's) on which our Creator's face was laid, alas ! His face was laid !

Ah ! &c.

Behold the macána (club) with which our Creator was struck, alas ! they struck our Creator !

Ah ! &c.

Behold that Cross with which our Creator was loaded, alas ! He was loaded !

Ah ! &c.

Behold that stone on which our Creator was made to sit, alas ! He was made to sit !

Ah ! &c.

Behold that basin in which—oh ! our Creator !—in which Pilate washed his hands !

Ah ! &c.

Behold that white garment of fools in which our Creator was clad in derision, alas ! in derision !

Ah ! &c.

Behold that Cross on which our Creator died, alas ! our Creator died !

Ah ! &c.

Behold those nails which nailed the hands and feet of our Creator, alas ! He was nailed !

Ah ! &c.

Behold the hammer with which they drove in the nails, they drove the nails !

Ah ! &c.

Behold the spear with which they speared the side of our Creator, His side they speared !

Ah ! &c.

Behold the vinegar—oh ! our Creator !—which they gave Him to drink, vinegar to drink !

Ah ! &c.

Behold the red garment in which our Creator was clad, alas ! in this garment was He clad !

Ah ! &c.

Behold the pincers with which they drew out the nails, alas ! the nails they drew !

Ah ! &c.

Behold that ladder with which they took our Creator down from the Cross, alas ! they took Him down !

Ah ! &c.

Behold that tomb in which they buried our Creator, alas ! they buried Him !

Ah ! Christ our Lord ! Christ our Creator !

The chorus was taken up by the whole multitude, who threw up their arms simultaneously and smote their breasts as they repeated the monosyllable "Ah !" with a crescendo of unspeakable anguish. Such music, appealing to the tenderest feelings of the heart, is beyond all criticism ; it brought most vividly before us, when we heard it, the scene described by the inspired Evangelist, *Sequebatur autem illum multa turba populi et mulierum, quæ plangebant et lamentabantur eum !* (St. Luke xxiii. 27).

The principal mysteries of the Christian faith were similarly brought in vivid language and by the help of music before the imagination of the Indians, and this accounts for the tenacity with which they have clung to the faith, notwithstanding the utter

neglect of a whole century, during which they have had no pastors, or none worthy of the name. These hymns became the national ballads of their race, the earliest records of their awaking sense of their dignity as men and Christians; and they will be continued as such in many a forest rancho until the doomed people is no longer a burden to the earth.*

It may not be inappropriate to add in this place two or three of the questions and answers of the Catechism which we have mentioned as composed by Father Luiz de Bolaños, and afterwards used throughout all the Reductions. Its style speaks for itself: the peculiar wording was intended not only to convey dogmatic truth, but also to eradicate previous errors.

Q. Tell me, little one, is there a God?

R. Yes, Father, there is a God.

Q. How many Gods are there?

R. One only God, and no more.

Q. Where is that one God?

R. He is in Heaven, on earth, and in all places, He is.

Q. Who is God?

R. The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; three Persons in one only God, no more.

Q. How is it there are three Persons, and one only God, and no more?

R. Because of these three Persons, the Father is not the Son, nor is the Son the Father, nor is the Holy Spirit either the Father or the Son. But all the three Persons have one same being, and therefore there is only one God.

Q. But then, the sun, the moon, the stars, lightning, thunder, are they not Gods?

R. Nothing of all that is God: but all those things are the works of God, Who made Heaven and earth, and all that is in them, for the good of man.

Q. What is that, the good of man?

R. It is to know God, to obtain His grace and His friendship, and after this life to go to Heaven to enjoy Him.

Q. Then after this life, there is another for men?

R. Yes, there is, because the souls of men do not die with the bodies, as animals do, but they are immortal, and will never have an end.

These extracts will suffice to show how admirably the Missionaries had gauged the capacity and appreciated the previous ignorance and religious errors of their neophytes. They were too wisely and divinely inspired in their labours to give those infant minds aught but the milk of Christian knowledge, until they had become capable—and after a time they were found to be so—of digesting the strong meat of spiritualism and even asceticism.

* Through various causes, and above all, through the depopulation wrought by the late Paraguay war, the Guaranis are fast disappearing.

Missionaries of a different stamp labour, with but a scanty knowledge and less common-sense, to translate into the crude idioms of barbarous tribes the most recondite mysteries and highly spiritual language of St. Paul's Epistles—we know with what success.

And now comes the question : Cannot the work of the Missions be resumed among the many wild nations yet roaming in the deserts of South America? For reasons before mentioned, the Guarani nation is all but extinct as a nation. Here and there, out of Paraguay Proper, a few hundreds of that people are yet to be found ; but, neglected and despised* by the Argentine or Brazilian owners of the land, they are much in the same condition as the Pariahs of India : no one seems to think they are worth noticing, excepting so far as they can be made politically useful,† or employed as cattle-drivers, gauchos, guides, or labourers of the lowest grade. Their spiritual concerns are either totally forgotten by the rulers of the country, or at least intrusted to incompetent pastors, too often the offscouring of European dioceses. The consequence is that many of these poor people have become merely nominal Christians, and would have been more quickly and hopelessly dragged into the vortex of unbelief and immorality of the actual descendants of the Spanish and Portuguese settlers, had it not been for their still vivid recollection of *los buenos Padres*, and for a deep-seated, though silent, dislike of the ways of those who have robbed them of their Fathers, their possessions, and their happiness.

There are indeed yet many wild tribes throughout the great forests of Matto Grosso and the multitudinous affluents of the Amazon, which under the various names of Búgres, Parecis, Murcilagos, Botacúdos, Cacarabás, Tupinámbas, and ever so many more, have preserved their original freedom, as well as their original ignorance and man-eating barbarism. But even these tribes have now heard, and too many of them have had sad proofs, of the rapacity and the more than heathenish corruption of the white man. A principal element of the success of the Jesuit Missionaries in Paraguay was not alone the saintly lives of

* The Whites always speak of the Indian women as *cabocas* and *chinas*, terms of utter contempt.

† We knew a Guarani in the Reduction of St. Vincent who held the rank of captain in the local militia, but he owed to us that he had never received either pay, arms, or accoutrements from the Government. A famous chief of the Pampa Indians, Katú-furáh, was also a captain of the troops (irregular allies) of Buenos Ayres, but he regularly came at the head of his Indians to claim his pay.

the Fathers themselves, but also the extraordinary vigilance with which they prevented Europeans from entering the Reductions or communicating in any way with their converts. The reason was obvious. These poor Indians were as plastic for evil as for good, nay more, if we take human nature as the fall of man has made it. The efforts which might now be made among the still heathen tribes, would be greatly neutralised by the too well-known vices of the Whites; and the dusky sons of the forests have a lively remembrance of the frightful evils to which their forefathers were subjected. They know that many a once numerous and flourishing race of the vast continent has been utterly destroyed through the avarice and cruelty of the Europeans. There are, indeed, here and there zealous men whom the love of souls has induced to bury themselves for life amidst trackless solitudes, and embrace obscure labour and unheard of privations in order to win these souls to Christ. But there is no systematic, well-ordered, harmonious, and comprehensive Missionary enterprise as was that of the Society of Jesus before the suppression. The Jesuits are still throughout Brazil and other countries of the continent under legal banishment; and if these laws have become in great part obsolete in practice, as is the case in England, the fanatical cry* is now and then raised for their enforcement. They alone, we imagine, would be able successfully to resume the great work of Christian civilisation, owing to their traditional knowledge of the ways and means, and what the French would call their *grace d'état*. But the obstacles to this resumption on a large scale are probably insuperable.

The various Governments of these yet unevangelised regions ostensibly favour Missionary enterprise, but in reality thwart it in every way. There are, we believe, in every province of Brazil yet peopled by natives, certain public functionaries called *Protectores de los Indios*; and certain sums are annually voted for the carrying on Indian Missions. But a general impression prevails that these sums are never paid, or if they leave the national exchequer, it is not for the purpose for which they have been voted. The Indian Protectors are, for the most part, if not entirely, Christians after a certain pattern: free and easy enough in their own interpretation of Christian obligations; too often

* As happened in Pernambuco only a few months ago, when a party of factious men among the Clergy wished to compel the holy Bishop, Dom Cardôso Ayres, to part with Father Caccia, a Priest of his own Order of Charity; and the Assembly of the Province renewed the decree of expulsion against the Jesuits and some other Religious Orders.

active members of anti-Christian secret societies ; always, at least, devoid of zeal and love for souls, looking upon the conversion of the savages as desirable only so far as it puts an end to their cannibalism, and changes troublesome brutes into quiet, tax-paying subjects. And nothing can be done by devoted Missionaries, either singly or collectively, without the consent, the approval, and the money of these Protectors.

The number of the still heathen aborigines of South America is absolutely unknown, nor is it easy to speculate upon the probable destiny of these yet numerous tribes. Either the swelling tide of immigration from Europe and North America will in the course of time drive them utterly from the face of the earth, as is now being done in the case of the Indians in the United States ; or they will amalgamate with the descendants of the invaders of their hunting-grounds, which contingency is scarcely probable ; or the Governments of Brazil, Peru, and the Argentine States with their inferior satellite republics will, by a merciful disposition of Providence, return at last to their senses, and, casting to the four winds of heaven their deplorable Pombalist and Josephist traditions and maxims, will sincerely desire that the establishment of God's Kingdom may be made the solid foundation of true and prosperous civilisation, both among their own immediate subjects and the rude natives, in the beautiful lands of their broad dominions, and they will effectually labour to realise that desire. They will recal all the iniquitous laws they have enacted against the freedom of the Church, against Religion and its Orders and Congregations, at the bidding of the infidel and revolutionary eighteenth century ; they will no longer impede the Church's chief Pastors in the administration and enforcement of her disciplinary laws for the sweeping away all chaff and impurities from the floor of the Sanctuary ; they will invite European Missionary zeal and support it, at least as cordially as they invite European capital and immigration for the development of their material resources ; they will be more anxious to banish from their fair and broad regions the bondage of Satan in the shape of ignorance, immorality and sin, than they now appear to be to put an end to civil and political serfdom and negro slavery. *Faxit Deus!* What was once done, can surely be done again ; but we must own in all sadness, that there is at the present time nothing above the moral, religious, and political horizon of South America that can reasonably lead us to expect that this happy dream will ever become a reality.

A. G.

Douglas Jerrold.*

My lecture this evening has for its subject "Douglas Jerrold." I am careful not to say "the life and writings of Douglas Jerrold," because that would imply what I do not venture to aim at, namely, a complete examination both of the man and his works. Instead of this I shall limit my attempt to the giving you some idea of the *man*, Douglas Jerrold, touching upon the incidents of his life only so far as may be requisite to bring out this idea, and quoting from his writings what may best illustrate it. Thus I shall avoid details which, useful and even necessary in a biography, would be but wearisome and out of place in my present paper, while I shall pass over several of Jerrold's principal works without even naming them, either because they do not immediately bear upon my subject, or, more frequently indeed, because time will not enable me to use the copious materials they furnish.

For those, and I trust they are not a few among my audience, who may be induced to seek a closer intimacy with our author than the present occasion affords, I can recommend a careful life of Douglas Jerrold, written by his son Blanchard, a very able notice by Hannay, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1857 (but which I know only by quotations in that life), and the collected works by our author himself in eight volumes. I can further promise you an advantage on the present occasion which was denied you in the lecture I gave last year on Thackeray, namely, that I shall quote largely from my author, and, as I shall thus let him speak much for himself, you will be sure of hearing, occasionally at least, something worth listening to.

No author, at least no prose author with which I am acquainted, is so quotable as Douglas Jerrold. You cannot open a page anywhere but you are sure to come upon some passage, long or short, which you wish to read out, or to note down as a good thing, and this as much for the thought that it contains as for the admirable way in which it is expressed. And these are altogether

* This paper was delivered in the form of a Lecture before the Literary, Historical, and Æsthetical Society of the Catholic University of Ireland, March 31, 1870.

over and above the "good things" which he said, or which have been culled from his shorter writings in an especial volume by his son. Indeed, I believe it is one of the chief faults of Jerrold that his writings are too brilliant, too piquant, to be agreeable reading. There is too much glitter, so that the mental eye is dazzled; the intellectual dishes are too highly seasoned for ordinary food. It is like lighting up our study with fireworks, or living on trifle and champagne. It is too much of a good thing, and so we turn with fresh relish to the simpler appliances of life, and content ourselves with an occasional enjoyment of Douglas Jerrold. It is indeed a pity that this should be so, for that which thus glitters is real metal, and no counterfeit, while under all the gay or quaint imagery there lies a rich substratum of truth and charity. Nay, that very quaintness is honest truth decked in holiday clothes, and, it may be, thus fantastically attired that it may thereby win access and find itself a home where it would have pleaded in vain in more ordinary garb. Yet we may doubt, supposing this to be our author's aim, if he did not overshoot the mark when he made this his usual and not his occasional style. It wearies, as I have said, when the work is of sustained interest, and often distracts the attention which it is designed to fascinate. Perhaps it would be more just to our author's good sense and thorough earnestness to conclude that he was thus provokingly brilliant because he could not help it; that he gives us few or no resting-places of ordinary writing because he gave himself no rest in composition. In short, as I trust to show, it is the same Douglas Jerrold in the living page as in the living man, and that the former could as little help reflecting the wit, humour, keen sarcasm, and ardent feelings of the man, as the man himself could hide these qualities from all with whom he came in contact.

The circumstances of the life of Douglas Jerrold were neither in number nor importance sufficient to give much interest or create much sensation in a biographical sketch, yet they were sufficiently marked to have their abiding influence upon his writings, and to give them much of their peculiar character. Indeed, I think I should not go far astray if I ventured to assert that most of them could be inferred from those writings themselves. His love of the drama, evinced at one period by his actually trying his fortune on the stage as the hero of one of his own pieces, *The Painter of Ghent*; the large number of plays (I have traced up thirty-nine still in print) which he poured forth in such profusion, and which showed, among other good qualities, that stage tact which can scarcely be acquired except behind the scenes; that perseverance,

under such varied success, in a peculiar line of composition which is rarely if ever found outside the walls of a theatre ; that constant haunting of the mimic scene which is so remarkable in theatrical personages, and almost in them alone—all combine to mark Douglas Jerrold as of theatrical pedigree. Then, again, one of his earlier productions, the one, indeed, which made him well known to thousands who were beyond the reach of his higher and later works, displayed a knowledge of sea life which smacked too strongly of salt water to have grown into shape anywhere but on board ship. His *Black-eyed Susan* was perhaps the most popular drama ever produced in England. Its success must be judged of, not by comparison with the run which sensational dramas have in the present day, when the railways pour in a constant flood of visitors to London, and so fresh audiences can be reckoned on nightly for months in succession, and when, consequently, there is no need of that striking merit which brings back delighted spectators again and again to renew the delight which genius has afforded. No ; Jerrold's success in those far different times must be tested by comparison with the twenty or thirty nights' performance in a period of several years which then satisfied author and manager alike. Yet, in one single year, in London alone, and with the same actor in the chief part, *Black-eyed Susan* was played four hundred times, the play being performed for many nights at two theatres, in one as the opening and in the other as the after piece. And what was the secret of this great success, which was felt and acknowledged alike by high and low, by refined and unpolished audiences ? It was not owing to elaborate scenery or startling effects, its charm lay in a simple domestic tale well told, in the fresh sea life which invigorated and braced its sound moral, and in the truth of its characters, which were no longer of the stage, stagey.

Another feature in the author's life I think cannot escape the observation of the most careless reader, for it has bitten its mark into nearly everything that Douglas Jerrold has written. I imagine all can read there that his life must have been a hard one, that he had had, for a time at least, to look poverty closely in the face and to wrestle hard with want. The battle of life, we may be sure, had been fought with vigour, and though victory had been gained in the end, the scars of many a hard-won field are there. The sternness which springs from such hours, the quick eye and ready hand, are patent in many a page, and if at times there is the gall of bitterness, be sure it has been wrung in agony from a true and loving heart. Yes, I repeat, from a true and loving heart that gall

of bitterness was wrung ; and this, I believe, if not so evident, admits of proof, which can be drawn from many a page that overflows with loving tenderness, and which strikes home at once to the heart as truly and as directly as the sharpest and brightest of his arrows do to the intellect. Another characteristic of our author, which stands out boldly in his writings and gives them so much of their force, is his earnestness. There can be no mistake about this. We may criticise his arguments, we may battle with many of his principles, but we can never bring ourselves to doubt the sincerity with which he writes. That he is thoroughly in earnest in what he urges, that he believes what he says, we feel confident. He may be wrong in his judgments, he may be narrow in his views, he may be prejudiced against classes, but we never suspect him of playing a part, or of writing what does not come from his pen with the full consent of his heart and intellect. And this, I believe, is one of the chief causes of his success as a writer. It gives weight to his words, for we believe them to be convictions ; it throws a new force into language in itself terse and vigorous to a fault ; and it stamps as true metal the brilliant coinage whose ring is round and full with that moral force.

These characteristics of our author, drawn from the very surface of his writings, are confirmed by the few incidents of his life, which it will be enough for our purpose briefly to touch upon. Douglas Jerrold was born in London in 1803, and died in 1857. The son of the manager of the theatre at Sheerness, his earliest days were half dramatic, half nautical, his most lasting passions were to these his first enjoyments. To the theatre he devoted the best efforts of his pen, to the ocean he gave the few holidays of his life. Scarcely ten years old, he was entered as a midshipman on board the *Namur*, at the Nore, and there his home experience was turned to account in the private theatricals on board ship. It is worth noticing that he was assisted herein by one of the crew who had a taste for scene-painting. The midshipman and sailor met again in after-life on a more legitimate stage, the one as author, the other still as painter ; but while the former had grown from the puny midshipman to the great dramatist, the other had risen to as high renown, and the rough sketcher of scenery for the quarter-deck had made the name of Clarkson Stanfield one of the most distinguished in the list of English artists. Douglas Jerrold's naval career was short, but in more than one respect it influenced his pen in after years, not only, as we have said, as a delineator of naval characters but as a social reformer. How this came about

is quickly told. He was transferred from the *Namur*, and sent in a gun-brig to carry troops for Waterloo and to bring back wounded soldiers. With these he landed at Chatham on Jan. 1, 1816, and with that his naval career finished. That voyage home brought scenes before his young sensitive mind which seem never to have lost their vividness. He saw, of course, nothing of the splendour of a great victory; the enthusiasm which is kindled amid "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" had no place in a gun-boat overcrowded with wounded and dying soldiers. The horrors of carnage, the sacrifice of life, the misery which of necessity follows in the train even of victory—these were the scenes amid which he lived during that prolonged and dreary voyage home, and these set his young heart on fire against the causes which produced such results, and pointed his pen, whenever opportunity occurred to wield it, against the less powerful instruments—the sword and musket. But family misfortunes occurred about this time to turn his thoughts and energies in a new and far more humble direction. He found his father a man of broken fortune, and he had courage to lay aside his position of a gentleman, and, to support his ruined father and provide an honest though humble subsistence for himself, he entered the office of a printer. There he toiled for many a weary year in very straitened circumstances, working hard for scanty daily bread, and still harder in what should have been hours of needed rest to educate himself for that literary career which already he had courageously marked out for himself.

He seems to have had no misgivings of ultimate success, for he ventured to marry at twenty-one. But with all his courage and resolution, this early life was one of great suffering, nor was it till after very many years of head and heart work—that hardest and most wearying of all work—that he could rest, and, as it were, take breath. The last twelve years of his life he enjoyed the fruit of this long toil, but to gain that end who can tell what he had suffered, what brain work he had gone through? One who knew him well (Hannay) has described him in these latter days, in words which bring the whole man before us.

His fight for fame was long and hard, and his life was interrupted, like that of other men, by sickness and pain. In the stoop in his gait, in the lines in his face, you saw the man who had reached his Ithaca by no mere yachting over summer seas. And hence, no doubt, the utter absence in him of all that conventionalism which marks the man of quiet experience and habitual conformity to the world. In the streets a stranger would have known Jerrold for a remarkable man; you would have gone away speculating upon him. . . . In

talk he was still Jerrold, not Douglas Jerrold, Esq., a successful gentleman whose heart and soul you were expected to know nothing about, and with whom you were to eat your dinner peaceably, like any common man. No ; he was at all times Douglas the peculiar and the unique, with his history in his face and his genius on his tongue—nay, and after a little, with his heart on his sleeve. This made him piquant, and the same character makes his writings piquant. . . . He had none of the airs of success and of reputation, none of the affectations, either personal or social, which are rife everywhere. He was manly and natural, free and off-hand to the verge of eccentricity. Independence and marked character seemed to breathe from the little, rather bowed figure, crowned with a lion-like head and falling light hair—to glow in the keen, eager, blue eyes, glancing on either side as he walked along. Nothing could be less commonplace, nothing less conventional, than his appearance in a room or in the streets.

There is not time, even if there were need, to dwell with any minuteness upon the different stages of that literary career, which had its humble beginnings in the printing-office, and closed, some thirteen years ago, in the comfortable villa on Barnes Common. But in judging of Douglas Jerrold the writer, we must never in fairness lose sight of the man, nor forget the severe trials through which he toiled his way, and amid and under the influence of which he wrote so much. I have already said that some of his writings bear evident tokens of these trials, in their bitterness of tone and severity of censure. Of course this is to be regretted, but is it to be wondered at ? And, if not, is it to be severely censured ?

To be thrown in youth upon his own resources ; to have to fight the hard battle with unskilled hands, and to wrestle for bare existence with muscles yet immature—surely this is trial enough for the sweetest temper : how much more to be thrown back, as Douglas Jerrold was, in very childhood, when only thirteen, from an honourable profession and the rank of a gentleman, to enter life a friendless boy in a poor printing-house, with not only himself, but a ruined father to support. Was it but little to begin life again so young ; to feel within him high aspirations, and that stirring of genius which will allow no rest ; and to know that the precious hours which can never be recalled have to be comparatively wasted upon mere manual labour ? Was it a small trial to feel the intellectual thirst, and to delay its slaking because the bodily wants have first to be supplied ? Of course it would have been far more perfect to have surrendered all these without a murmur, and to have endured thus young the pinchings both of the mind and body without a bitter thought and a hasty word. But our hero was not so great a hero as this ; and, indeed, it is not as a Christian hero at all that he claims our notice—though,

perchance, many with less reason put in greater claims. Yet this at least we should bear in mind when we sit in judgment upon the tone of much of his writings: that that lone boy fought his way with stout heart through difficulties and temptations under which many an older head has bowed down in despair, and that he won for himself by his own unaided genius and indomitable courage a place of no mean rank in English literature, and, what he prized still more, the goodwill of his countrymen and the affection of a large and distinguished circle of friends. I must needs confess that when a hard saying or a bitter sneer meets me, as doubtless at times it will in the pages in which a far different spirit generally prevails, ere I presume to sit in cold judgment upon its author, my mind recurs to that scene of earlier days, and before my mental vision rises up that puny stripling; when, with a heroism which had in it the makings of a Nelson, he laid aside the gay uniform of a naval officer, and with it the claim to rank and position which at such an age is especially dear; and at the call of duty and the inspirings of filial devotion, the boy turned from his gay companions, and with unfaltering step sought a menial's rank in a printing-office, that by hard mechanic toil he might win the bare necessities of life for him who called him son. And when I look through such a vista, must it not of necessity happen that the critic's eye grows dim with emotion, and the stern sentence on the author dies away in admiration of the man?

I have dwelt at some length upon this charge of bitterness of spirit which is generally brought against Jerrold, and have endeavoured to account for it by his early struggles; and this may be taken as the best excuse which, perhaps, can be offered for what cannot be denied. But, in justice to our author, it is but fair to add that I believe this charge has been, and still is, much exaggerated. And the explanation of this will lead us to another consideration intimately connected with it, which is, the aim which Jerrold had in view almost always in his writings; for this necessitated a tone and style which is easily misunderstood, and which indeed can as easily degenerate into the cynical. Douglas Jerrold was a social reformer. The name has grown up since his time almost into a new meaning, and implies a science and philosophy which our author little dreamed of, and, perhaps, which he would have as little esteemed. His was a simpler method, and, like most of his proceedings, went straight to the end with all his energy and in the quickest way. His sharp eye marked the evil—be it an abuse in practice, or a false principle which was misleading—and his ready hand struck at it

fiercely. The newspapers were most of them open to his use, for the pen he wielded was as bright and glittering as it was powerful; and those who often liked not his opinions, at least admired his style, and were fascinated by it to listen to a teacher who uttered hard truths with a force and vehemence which made them rattle on the mind like rifle-shot.

One of his chief organs—which owed to him its birth and its vigorous life for many years, and which indeed seemed especially destined for his style and purpose—was our old friend *Punch*. Perhaps some of Jerrold's best and most characteristic productions are to be found herein; indeed, from its birth in 1841 until his own death in 1857, he was an unceasing contributor. He began with its first number, and wrote on until the last week of his life. He seemed to feel that in these pages he could shoot down the passing folly as it flies, and, with quaint and congenial humour, could in a brief paragraph hold up to laughing scorn the petty oppressor, the popular vice, or the as popular charlatan. Men laughed with him, and repeating to others the witty jest or the quaint metaphor that had amused them, planted the weighty truth which perhaps at first they scarcely recognised, and thus helped forward a good and great work which in less fantastic guise would never have challenged their cooperation. Such paragraphs as these are well-nigh innumerable. They seized the public mind from week to week, and struck a sympathetic chord in many a breast; gems they are of pure lustre and unrivalled brilliancy, for their light was truth and their wit was concentrated wisdom. If there was a sharp edge, it was but that of the diamond; and if, as in truth it did, the sparkling gem cut through many a tough prejudice, and wounded, to the drawing of its life-blood, many a social wrong, it but used aright its special characteristic, and so fulfilled its high and holy purpose.

It has been said truly enough that, if any feeling of Jerrold's was intense, it was his feeling of sympathy with the poor. Their wrongs had once, indeed, been in some sense his own; and, to his credit be it said, he ever warred against them as still such. How vividly has he painted the sufferings and neglect under which the poor languish; and how wisely, as well as forcibly, has he warned their superiors of the danger to themselves, as well as to the established order of things, of this supreme injustice. Take for example one of his papers in *Punch*, 1842, when the too well-known Marquis de Boissy said, in the days of Louis Philippe, "The worst enemies of Government are persons without property." The comment—or what Thackeray would call the

lay sermon—on this text was preached by Jerrold under the heading, "The traitor Nothing." I must compress it somewhat to bring it within our limits.

Agreed: this Nothing is the poor man's fiend—the devil that haunts him. In the morning he rises with Nothing at his fireside—if, indeed, he has not slept with Nothing, in the winter air. He looks in his cupboard, Nothing grins at him from the empty shelves—Nothing frowns from the dark cold fireplace. . . . There are ten thousand unknown victims—creatures born to Nothing, tended by Nothing, taught by Nothing, gaining Nothing, hoping Nothing. From their first gulp of vital air to their death-rattles, Nothing has been with them. Nothing comforted their mother in her hour of anguish; Nothing gave to their babyhood the abandonment and frank happiness of infancy; Nothing, a stony-hearted tyrant, has awakened in their bosoms the dignity and supremacy of man; Nothing has been their shadow, their fate, their destiny. . . . Thus considered, what a terrible meaning has this said Nothing! What a monster it is! What blood and tears make up its name! What groans and heart-breaks are in its voice! And, alas! we fear it is too true—Nothing is an enemy of Government. And Nothing, let the Government be sure of it, has a hundred thousand emissaries.

May we not add to this terrible picture, whose vividness is only equalled by its truth, that six years alone were needed for time to certify the accuracy of the prophecy, when this same Nothing—this neglect of the moral and religious wants of the people—swept away in a revolution the Government of the royal master of this same Marquis de Boissy?

But Jerrold's contributions to the pages of *Punch* were not limited to single papers; some of his best-known writings extended from week to week, to be in due time gathered up into more lasting volumes. Among them, the *Story of a Feather*—which Dickens calls "a wise and beautiful book"—holds a chief place in the estimation of Jerrold's greatest admirers; though there is one, cast in a more popular form, which has certainly obtained a wider reputation, much, it is well known, to the annoyance of the author himself, who thought but little of *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*. I cannot refrain from quoting a few passages from the Introduction to those Lectures, which illustrate very amusingly his quaint humour and wonderful power over metaphor. There is not a word which could be left out without injury to the picture.

Poor Job Caudle was one of the few men whom Nature, in her casual bounty to women, sends into the world as patient listeners. He was, perhaps, in more respects than one, all ears. And these ears, Mrs. Caudle—his lawful, wedded wife, as she would ever and anon impress upon him, for she was not a woman to wear chains without shaking them—took whole and sole possession of. They

were her entire property; as expressly made to convey to Caudle's brain the stream of wisdom that continually flowed from the lips of his wife, as was the tin funnel through which Mrs. Caudle in vintage-time bottled her elder wine. The wine was always sugared; the wisdom, never. It was expressed crude from the heart of Mrs. Caudle; who, doubtless, trusted to the sweetness of her husband's disposition to make it agree with him. Philosophers have debated whether morning or night is most conducive to the strongest and clearest moral impressions. The Grecian Sage confessed that his labours smelt of the lamp. In like manner did Mrs. Caudle's wisdom smell of the rushlight.

At night Mr. Caudle—

Was compelled to lie and listen. Perhaps there was little magnanimity in this on the part of Mrs. Caudle; but in marriage, as in war, it is permitted to take every advantage of the enemy. Besides, Mrs. Caudle copied very ancient and classic authority. Minerva's bird, the very wisest thing in feathers, is silent all the day. So was Mrs. Caudle. Like the owl, she hooted only at night.

In illustration of the playful and delicate fancy which can sport with the commonest materials and wreath them into thoughts of beauty, ever intertwining amid the flowers choice fruits of wisdom, let us take a single passage from the opening of a series of papers which he chose to call *Cakes and Ale*.

Cakes and ale [he says] are of many sorted flour and many sorted barley. Then there are the spices, the condiments, the milk and honey and eggs, that give character and individuality to the great family of cakes, and then there is the born faculty of the cake-maker. . . . With the same flour, and the same milk and eggs and spices, how different may be the grand result of combination—the cake. From one hand how light and melting, from another dead dough! Even as to two men lie open the same stores of mother English, the very same words in self-same quantities, yet what very different cakes—that is, books—the two men will compose therefrom. And as with cakes, so with ale. Let there be the same barley, the same hops, the same water impregnated with the same properties—and two brewers. What is this? Melted topaz, liquid amber, with here and there just a filament of hop; no, not hop, but *the feather from the wing of a fairy, flail-killed while sleeping in the beard of the venerable barley*. And what is this? Sour puddle, doomed by Zeus—struck flat by thunderbolt? Not so; nothing but the thick brains of the uninspired brewer. As with ale, so with bookman's ink. One pen shall make the fluid sparkle with sparks immortal; another shall make it mud.

Who has done the former glorious work more completely than Jerrold himself? It is well for the critic if his pen illustrate not the muddy uses here so scornfully set down. Let us take another brief illustration of this same play of fancy, where the subject of it, and the occasion in which he is presented to us, are as prosaic as can well be imagined; for who but Douglas Jerrold

would think, nowadays, of looking through a poetic medium at a tipsy man staggering home, or set his sprightly imagination to sport round such a figure. I say *nowadays*, because the whole scene as sketched by our author is as classic in its spirit as in its accessories. Indeed, did time allow, it would be no useless or uninteresting inquiry to trace the antique spirit in the writings of one in most respects so completely a man of the present day; and to find, if so be, the connecting link between times so different, which could not merely make of Jerrold a lover of ancient mythology, but could, without the aid of a classical education, raise up in a modern mind the antique cast of thought. But we are keeping the hero of our quotation waiting too long, and, as we shall see, he is not in a fit state to endure such discourteous treatment. Let me hasten at once to introduce Jeremy Dunbrown, who is going home alone, and yet not alone, and, I regret to say, far from sober.

We have inferred that Jeremy wound not his way down Bishopsgate Street alone. No; great is the beneficence of Bacchus, who numbers in his train thousands of little lackeys, to sober eyes invisible, whose duty is to lead the votaries of their purple master safely home. The water drinkers could not see the jolly little satyr with its small kid hoofs, clattering along the stones of Bishopsgate, keeping Jeremy Dunbrown from posts and gutters—now steadying his right leg, now the left—now flinging a vine or hop-plant over him, pulling him back lest he fall on his nose: Jeremy all the while smiling, and uttering half words from the corner of his mouth, in acknowledgment of the benevolence. These Bacchanal fairies, thousands though they be—for were there not, how would frail mortals find the door?—are not distinguishable by the profane sober; nor are they to be seen by the small drinkers—by the petty rascal who simpers over a gill, and thinks himself Silenus. No, no; a man must labour in many vintages to be worthy of such a body-guard.

And this classic picture, fit subject for the pencil of a Titian, or of our own Richard Doyle, is, as we might have surmised, the production of an abstemious man; for no other would assume such a Bacchanalian air, or have marked so accurately the outward manifestations of intoxication, to which he has given so quaint an interpretation.

It is not always, or perhaps often, that an author's favourite work is his best in the estimation of others, nor are critics agreed that Douglas Jerrold was herein an exception to the general rule; yet I believe it will generally be allowed that Jerrold formed a correct estimate of himself and his writings when he said that the *Chronicles of Clovernook* were "the truest fragments of himself he had managed to throw off." This work he held chief among

his writings. I doubt if most readers would like it; I am quite sure very many will not do so. It is so quaint, runs counter to so many prejudices, is so fragmentary, and wraps up great truths in such strange guises, that it will puzzle more than it will instruct, and discourage all but the most determined reader. Yet is it Douglas Jerrold in every page. Indeed, to any whose study is the human mind in its freest and frankest moments, who would learn how a deep thinker has judged the world, and read what a close observer has noted in its every varying aspects—such a one, if he have patience to bear with many and frequent digressions, and to unravel much that is hidden in quaint metaphor, will be, I feel sure, more than rewarded for the time thus spent, not only by the wisdom herein revealed, but by the beauty of the language in which it is conveyed, and the pictures which present themselves for his contemplation along his devious path.

Like most town-imprisoned workers, Douglas Jerrold had an intense love of the country—intense it must be with him when it is love at all; and here he riots in a land of his own creation. For Clovernook is his Atlantis, his Utopia; and so jealous is he of it, that he will not let us know where it is. As he says in his quaint manner—

Shall we be more communicative than the publishers? [Who have included it, he says, in none of their recent maps.] No; the secret shall be buried with us: we will hug it under our shroud. We have heard of shrewd, short-speeched men who were the living caskets of some healing jewel; some restorative recipe to draw the burning fangs from gout; some anodyne to touch away sciatica into the lithesomeness of a kid; and these men have died, and have, to their own satisfaction at least, carried the secret into their coffins, as though the mystery would comfort them as they rotted. There have been such men; and the black, begrimed father of all uncharitableness sits cross-legged upon their tombstones, and sniggers over them! Nevertheless, we will not tell to the careless and irreverent world—a world noisy with the ringing of shillings—the whereabouts of Clovernook. We might, would we condescend, give an all-sufficient reason for our closeness: we will do no such thing. No; the village is our own—consecrated to our own delicious leisure, when time runs by like a summer brook, dimpling and sweetly murmuring as its runs. We have the most potent right of freehold in the soil; nay, it is our lordship. We have there *droits du seigneur*, and in the very despotism of our ownership might, if we would, turn oaks into gibbets. Let this knowledge suffice to our reader; for we will not vouchsafe to him another pippen's-worth.

Nevertheless, he somewhat relents, and in a subsequent passage continues—

Although we will not let the rabble of the world know the whereabouts of our village—and by the rabble, be it understood, we do not

mean the wretches who are guilty of daily hunger, and are condemned in the court of poverty of the high misdemeanour of patches and rags—but we mean the mere money-changers, the folks who carry their sullen souls in the corners of their pockets, and think the site of Eden is covered with the Mint. Although we will not have Clovernook startled from its sweet dreamy serenity—and we have sometimes known the very weasels in mid-day to doze there, given up to the delicious influence of the place—by the chariot-wheels of that stony-hearted old dowager, Lady Mammon, with her false locks and ruddled cheeks, we invite all others to our little village; where they may loll in the sun or shade as suits them; lie along on the green tufty sward, and kick their heels at fortune; where they may jig an evening dance in the meadows, and after retire to the inn—the one inn of Clovernook—glorified under the sign of “Gratis!”

Who but an over-worked, town-tied man could have drawn such a picture? who could revel thus, and for many a following page, in the thought of perfect rest, fresh air, and repose of mind and body, but one who toiled and suffered in the busy, overcrowded hive of the great city; and who felt, as much for others as for himself, the need of the rest here so lovingly and deliciously pourtrayed? As much for others as for himself, I say, for is not his one inn at Clovernook the “Gratis?” How lovingly he dwells upon the idea this novel sign conveys!

Match us that sign if you can. What are your Georges and Dragons, your Kings’ Heads and Queens’ Arms; your Lions, Red, White, and Black; your Mermaids, and your Dolphins, to that large, embracing benevolence—Gratis? Doth not the word seem to throw its arms about you with a hugging welcome? Gratis! It is the voice of Nature, speaking from the fulness of her large heart. The word is written all over the blue heavens. The health-giving air whispers it about us. It rides the sunbeam (save where statesmen put a window-pane between us and it). The lark trills it high up in its skyeey dome; the little wayside flower breathes gratis from its pinky mouth; the bright brook murmurs it; it is written in the harvest moon. Look where we will, delights—all “gratis,” all breathing and beaming beauty—are about us; and yet how rarely do we seize the happiness, because, forsooth, it *is* a joy gratis?

And then the inhabitants of Clovernook—

Odd people, we say it, are among them. Men whose minds have been strangely carved and fashioned by the world; cut like odd fancies in walnut-trees; but though curious and grotesque, the minds are sound, with not a worm-hole in them.

And in this quaint fashion one of them elaborates a close and startling parallel—

The hog, sir, is a wonderful philosopher! We call him filthy, ugly names, brand him as a foul and doltish thing. It is like the hurried ignorance of man. I look upon the pig, sir, as the philosopher of brutes—yea, the Diogenes of four-legged creatures. Consider, sir. Contemplate the doings of a hog. See him, sir, with his frank

stupidity ; or what, to skin-deep thinkers, seemeth stupidity. Mark him wallowing in gutter-mud ; see him in the haunts of men, even when fever comes, sometimes, alas ! as the kindest handmaid of poverty. See him, with his broad, quivering snout, sniffing at the thresholds of very beggars. With what gust will he munch a cabbage-stalk ! with what a grunt of gratitude will he take unto himself the leavings of the veriest poor ! There is nought that tooth can pierce that goodman hog will turn aside from. He will get fat and flavour from a dunghill ; nay, in hopeful discovery, shove his snout into a cinder-heap. These are bad habits—nasty, foul, degrading practices. And yet, sir, what comes of them ? Why, sir, *brawn*. Your philosopher considers and takes experience of men ; and only as he is curious in all the doings, from noblest to basest of the animal, is he, the said philosopher, worthy of his gown. He elaborates and refines his experience, gathers from highway and alley, and hovel and cellar ; and then, out of the very juices of this digested wisdom, he leaves an oral system, or a written scroll. Now, sir, what the brawn is to the hog, is Plato's book to Plato—a sweet and unctuous lump, drawn, and rarified, and elaborated, from even the foulest doings of the world, for the world's wisdom. When my lady sees Master Pig munching and wallowing in a ditch, she curls her nose and lifts her shoulders at his nastiness. And lo ! when the same pig's leg, fragrant with sage and patriarchal onion, smokes upon the board, the same lady sendeth her plate three times. It is even so with philosophers, and the true men of the world. They have lived and died despised in alleys, and afterwards are fed upon in tapestried chambers. I never look upon a hog, even in his foulest plight, but I consider him tenderly, affectionately, as the living, pauper laboratory, from which in good season men may carve most melting sweets. It is in this spirit I, as I take it, judiciously class philosopher and pig.

Will you bear with me while I make yet one more quotation from this strange book ? for I wish to bring before you what I venture to think is one of the truest “fragments of Douglas Jerrold himself” which herein, as he has told us, “he has managed to throw off.”

No one could feel more than this earnest and sensitive man, the charge of “bitterness” which was so often brought against his works. Toiling, as he knew himself to be, for the good of others, aiming with much self-sacrifice at the removal of abuses and the spread of kinder and more generous principles, it seemed hard that one who felt himself to be, in some sense, an apostle of charity, should be held up to public notice as a bitter railer. What better reply could he make than to show that all-prevailing truth is itself bitter, or at least, that it is generally regarded as such—for of course he leaves us to draw hence the inference that this bitterness we complain of in his writings spring from their *truth* ? Let us hear his version of the old fable.

When the world was very young, do you know where Truth lived ? Doubtless. In a well ; that is a story, old almost as the stars. And there she dwelt, and the water of the well was in such high repute,

men would use no drop of any other. And so they drank it, they washed their faces in it, cooked and scoured with it. There was no water like that from the well of Truth. Time plodded on, and the knaves, and the knaves' puppets, fools, vowed that the water became worse and worse, unfit for man or beast. It was brackish, foul, filthy, sulphurous; indeed, what was it not? Men refused to wash even their hands with it. No housewife would boil her lentils in it. Men, temperate men, qualified their wine with it; and after, swore it was the water gave them the headache. Shepherds watered their flocks at the well, and, as the shepherds declared, the sheep fell into the rot. No man could say a good word for the water of the well of Truth; it was *so bitter* no man could stomach it. Whereupon the people took counsel, and determined to expel Truth from the well, some old varlets declaring that they knew the time when the well was most sweet and medicinal; but then it was before Truth had been permitted to take up her abode in it. It was Truth, and Truth only, that made the stream so shockingly bitter, and so, with one accord, they hauled Truth by the hair of her beautiful and immortal head from the well, and turned her naked upon the earth, to find shelter where she might. Of course, in her nude condition, she could not appear in cities. Nevertheless, though she herself was abused, and driven to rocks and desert places, her well has maintained her name; and so for thousands of years men have drunk at what they call Truth's well, only Truth was out. Certain it is, now and then she comes and takes up her old abiding-place; and then do good people, who have unwarily taken a mouthful of the water, spit it out again, and with wry faces, and shuddering anatomies, cry, "How very bitter!" Sometimes, too, Truth, to get the poor devil a bad name, will wander like a stray gnat into his ink-bottle. Miserable scribbler! Branded, tattooed, worse than any New Zealander, with his own goose-quill. Virtuous, honest, benevolent people, who love their species, that is, the Adam and Eve of the printing-office, the race of men and women in good bold type, for they care not so much about the living vulgarities; they scream like a lady at a loaded pistol, or rather, like a thumb-sucking baby at aloes, at the man of bitter ink—it is so very bitter.

Such ink, he goes on to say, "is not a profitable liquid to him that uses it." And then he points us out a most valuable recipe, which is thoroughly Jerrold-like in its elaborate minuteness and sarcastic humour.

A way to make profitable ink: Seek a she-ass, with a week-old foal, that has been foaled at the full of the moon, for the moon is much to be considered in this matter. Go out at midnight, and milk the ass into a skillet that hath never been tainted with aught but oatmeal porridge. Whilst you milk, softly carol, "Sing a Song of Sixpence," "Little Jack Horner," or any other innocuous ballad. Put the milk by, and in the morning stir it with a pigeon's feather. Add to the milk the yolk of three phoenix' eggs. Boil it over a fire of cinnamon sticks, and then put to it an ounce of virgin honey, made by bees that never had a sting. Be particular in this, or the ink will be spoiled. When this is done, put by the mixture till the first of April. It matters not how long it may be till then, for the phoenix' eggs, when you have obtained them, will keep the milk sweet for ever. Well, on the first of April, before breaking your fast, take the milk

and strain it through the nightcap of your grandmother. If you have not a grandmother of your own, borrow a neighbour's. In three days the ink will be as good as ever it will be for use.

The bitter sarcasm will not be complete unless we see, with our author, what can be done with this wonderfully-concocted ink. When some one asks, "Is this the way to make a profitable compound?" the answer is—

You perceive there is nothing bitter in the ingredients. Some of your critics might drink of the ink as though it were their own mother's milk. Profitable, did you ask? Why, there is sweetest sorcery in the ink. You have only to dip your pen into it, and whatever you write will be all mild and beautiful. There will be no wrong, no wickedness in this world—at least, by the grace of the ink, there will be none in your picture of it—but it will be a world of unmixed virtues. Your ink will never then be led into the unprofitable knack of calling selfishness and villany by their proper names, but you will wink, and let them "trot by." Every man will appear to you—at least, your ink will make you swear he does—like Momus' man, with a pane of glass in his breast, and, behind the glass, a ruddy angel. All the injustice of life, the wickedness that man in his sorry ignorance inflicts upon his neighbours, will be instinctively avoided by you; the while the injustice grows, and the wickedness triumphs, and you, with your sweet and profitable ink, have helped to cast no shame upon the abomination! And you will put all the world in holiday attire; the beggar-girl will be dressed in sarsenet and tiffany, and ploughmen themselves wear smock-frocks of white satin. And so doing, you will win the good word of those who never think for themselves—a large class, sir; and of those—almost as large—who think falsely for other people. You will be amiable, good, kind, far-seeing, deep-seeing, and you will not be bitter.

"Truly, sir," observes the listener, "the ink that will do this is a golden gift." To which our philosopher significantly replies—"It has been found so."

Enough, and I fear more than enough, has been said in palliation of this bitterness, which it cannot be denied is too leading a feature in Jerrold's writings. Yet is there another explanation which I will venture just to hint at before bringing my lecture to an end; and that I believe is to be found in the times in which the earlier, and consequently more lasting impressions, were made upon his mind. In those days, so near our own when reckoned by years, and yet so far distant when viewed through the vista of events, Protestantism had eliminated almost all Catholicity from the Established religion of England. Cold, lifeless formalism had, it is true, been galvanised into seeming life by the violent exertion of good and earnest men of the Evangelical school; but the ignorance and narrow-mindedness of their followers distorted the truths which these had but dimly discerned, and so Catholic verities, and their direct influence upon society,

were as much hidden from the public sight as they had been when buried beneath the pagan worldliness of the preceding period. Earnest men like Jerrold saw through the sham which flaunted itself so boldly as religion, and despised it. And yet, in such a state of things, they knew of nothing better to fall back upon; for the Catholic Church was well-nigh nowhere then in England. What of necessity followed? Aspirations which found nothing whereon to rest, good designs with no sufficient means of realising them, all around being shallow mysticism, or hard materialism. Need we wonder, however we may grieve, if such men turned aside in disgust, and expressed their disappointment with bitterness? Could Douglas Jerrold, and such like men, have looked beyond their narrow circle, and have seen, and had grace to understand as only Catholics can, what the Church provides; and how completely she meets all their aspirations and supplies all their wants; how she assigns to every rank in society its proper place, and yet intertwines them all in closest ties and most enduring, because loving, bonds; how her gentle hand tenders the weak and ministers to the least obtrusive wants, while yet it is strong enough to hold back the most tyrannical; how her voice has at once the tenderness of a mother's tone, and yet a power which few, if any, dare gainsay—if, I say, these zealous men could but have recognised the One Power which alone could achieve what they spent their lives in vainly striving after, how different would have been their tone of thought and expression! Sad indeed it is to see such men outside, and to know what work there was and is for them within! This it is that makes the study of such writers a painful, but surely not a useless task; at least, if it teaches us gratitude for the many privileges which we have received, and stirs us up to use them for the good of others. We may not aim at the brilliancy or wit of a Douglas Jerrold, or hope to shine like him in the literary firmament; but his earnestness in what he believed to be right, his abhorrence of all that is false and selfish, his unconquerable resolution in an honest and upright course, and his indifference to personal gain or loss in what he felt to be the cause of suffering humanity, is an example which we may well place before us, and which, tempered and enlightened by the faith which, alas! he had not, is never without its elevating influence upon those who contemplate it aright. As Longfellow so truly says—

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
 Into our inmost being rolls,
 And lifts us unawares
 Out of our meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
 Thus help us in our daily needs,
 And by their overflow
 Raise us from what is low!

H. B.

Flower-Voices.

Αἶμα ῥόδου τίκτει, τὰ δὲ δάκρυα τὰν ἀνεμώναν.

"You flowers that rich in bright and golden hue
 Embroider all the earth's enamelled green
 (So hung aloft in boundless depth of blue,
 The starry lustres of the night are seen),

"Speak, ruddy roses, beauties of the grove,
 You lilies speak, with bells of silver tongue,
 And sing again the songs of peace and love
 Which once in happy Eden's vale you sung."

O then there came a far-responsive ring
 From woodland, upland knoll, and leafy dell,
 So sad and sweet, as nightingales might sing,
 Or low and booming peals each distant bell.

"The song of joy and peace we sing no more
 Which angel voices warbled o'er us then ;
 Our banishment and yours we must deplore,
 And sadly weep with you, ye sons of men.

"For drops of blood bedew with red the rose,
 And falling tears the lily's chalice fill ;
 While melancholy pipes the wind that blows,
 And sighs in unison the rushing rill.

"Though Solomon, in all his glory clad,
 Was not so fair as is our bright array,
 The mottoes on our painted leaves are sad,
 And sorrow is the burthen of our lay.

"We are but emblems of the path of pain
 Which since the sin of Adam men have trod ;
 We hope to tell of joy and peace again
 When we, and they again, shall be with God."

T. M.

Cardinal von Reisach.

WHEN the Holy Father nominated his "Rev. Brother Karl von Reisach, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church and Bishop of Sabina," to the first place among the five Cardinal Legates who were to preside over the Vatican Council, no one was astonished that this high distinction had fallen on the German Cardinal. The choice received the widest and most general adhesion. The deep acquaintance with both Canon and Civil Law which Cardinal von Reisach possessed, his knowledge of theology and philosophy, and, besides these scientific qualifications, his vast experience of men and things, rendered him particularly adapted to fill this high office. He had not only taken a prominent part in the Synod of Würzburg (1848), and the lead in the Conference of Bavarian Bishops at Freising (October, 1850), but as Archbishop of Munich and by his labours in the Bavarian Parliament, he had acquired a practical knowledge of Parliamentary customs, and of the usages of debate in great assemblies. Besides all this, he had a great capacity for languages. His Latin was elegant, Italian was to him like his mother tongue,* in both French and English he had such a facility of expression that he could not only carry on conversation easily in either language, but was able to address a public assembly from the platform or pulpit. Thus the foreign Prelates coming to the Council would have found him the most easily accessible of all the members of the Sacred College, as each could lay before him his own business and wishes, and converse with him upon them in his mother tongue. Indeed, for years past Bishops coming to Rome on various occasions had gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of discussing their affairs with Cardinal von Reisach. But a qualification for the high office we have named, greater than all his knowledge and experience, lay in his piety, which rested on a sound basis of faith, in the winning affability of his manners, and in the rare union of firmness and sweetness in his character. No one could move him from the assertion of a principle which had once approved itself to his mind, but at the same time, in dealing with individuals, he was remarkable for gentleness and consideration.

* Witness the magnificent oration "In lode del beato Pietro Canisio," pronounced by his Eminence in the Gesù in 1865.

Such was the man whom the Holy Father had delighted to honour, and of whom Christendom had formed such high and well-grounded expectations. Years of usefulness in the vineyard of the Church seemed before him, but God had ordained otherwise. The Council over which he was to have presided opened on the 8th of December, and he was not present. And when the first *Schemata* were brought on for debate, in the drawing up of which Cardinal Reisach had had a considerable share, and in the subsequent furtherance of which he had expected to be called to take a still more important part, he was lying on his death-bed, far from Rome, in a remote valley of Savoy.

A short notice of the life of a man so distinguished in the contemporary annals of the Church, will not be without interest for our readers. Count Karl von Reisach was born at Roth, in the diocese of Eichstätt on the 6th of July, 1800. He pursued his studies at Landshut, Göttingen, and Heidelberg, with so great diligence and success, that at the age of twenty-one he took the degree of Doctor in both the legal faculties. A brilliant career either in the diplomatic service, in the highest offices of the law, or as Professor of forensic learning, for which by his tastes he was peculiarly adapted, was now before him; but more serious studies suddenly drew him aside to a higher path. He determined to give up all else to prepare himself to receive Holy Orders. With this view he entered the German College in Rome, which a few years before (1819) had been re-established by Pius VII. For five years he there pursued a course of theological and philosophical studies under the first Professors in the capital of Christendom. These were happy and peaceful years, and while they satisfied his love of study, they fostered in him those virtues of the sacerdotal office, and that devotion to the Church, which afterwards so singularly distinguished him. In after years, he loved to speak of that time, and he retained to the last an affectionate gratitude towards the German College and his Superiors there. He received Priests' Orders on the 10th of August, 1828, and on the first anniversary of that day was made Rector of the College of the Propaganda.

His new sphere was one of great importance, and that so young a man was placed in it was a proof of the confidence which was felt in Count Reisach's character. His immediate predecessor was Cardinal Mauro Cappellari, who in 1831 succeeded to St. Peter's Chair as Gregory XVI. This Pontiff was well acquainted with the excellent qualities of the young Prelate, and Count Reisach was not slow to use the confidence which was placed in him to

the benefit of the Church in Germany. It was just the moment when, in Germany, as in Switzerland, attempts were being made to deprive the Church of her last remnants of freedom and independence in her relations with the State, and even to interfere with her internal organisation in such matters as mixed marriages and the discipline of the Clergy, or by the protection afforded to false doctrine. Bunsen was the Prussian representative in Rome. Although the business of the Propaganda engrossed his time to a great extent, Count von Reisach did not neglect the affairs of the Church in Germany. He continually attacked the false principles of the day with great depth of reasoning, under the signature of "Athanasius Philalethes." He adopted this *nom de plume* because it appeared undesirable in his position to write in a popular journal under his own name.

After what has been said, it will astonish no one that King Louis I. of Bavaria should have had acquired a special regard and esteem for Count Reisach, or that, when the see of Eichstätt fell vacant, he should have been desirous to see him accept it. But Reisach, who, while yet a young man, had spontaneously renounced his chances of worldly distinction, could not make up his mind to accept the invitation; and the Holy Father, to whom he submitted his case, approved his decision. But when, at the end of the year, the diocese of Eichstätt was a second time left without a Pastor, and the King again renewed his proposition, Gregory XVI. not only advised him to accept it, but himself gave him consecration. His first Pastoral shows the clear insight he had, even at that time, into the special needs of the Church in Germany. The most urgent, or at least, the most remediable of these, he took to be the absence of sufficient Seminaries. The secularisation of the education of the Clergy had been one of the great measures of Josephism. He set to work at once to establish at Eichstätt a Seminary for boys desirous of preparing for the Priesthood, and to develop the Clerical Seminary into a complete Theological College. He succeeded also in securing the King's favour and protection for both as diocesan institutions. To provide finances for these institutions was likewise a matter requiring great prudence; nevertheless, Reisach's successor in the see of Eichstätt, in his Pastoral of 3rd January, 1849, was able to declare that he had found the "Seminary of St. Willibald a work of wonderful completeness, both in its internal regulations, and in the fruitfulness of its effects, and that both in its scientific teaching and in its discipline and management it was worthy of all imitation."

While working thus diligently in his diocese, Bishop Reisach was by no means oblivious of the general ecclesiastical interests of his country. It is, indeed, an evident token of the guiding Hand of Providence that just as the great conflict for the salvation of the German Church was about to break out (1837), a man was placed in her Episcopate so well adapted to act as intermediary between Rome and Germany. The important documents forming the negotiations between the Archbishop of Cologne and the Prussian Government in the matter of the Hermesian doctrines* and of mixed marriages, were forwarded to Rome through his hands, and it was by their means that when the great event† of the 20th of November, 1837, took the whole world by surprise, the Pope was already so well informed of the whole matter, that as early as the 10th of December, and before Bunsen had time to reach Rome, he was able to pronounce his celebrated Allocution, which contains so triumphant a defence of the Church's rights.

In other matters affecting the welfare of the Church in other parts of Germany, Reisach was also actively engaged. In 1841 he was made Coadjutor to the Archbishop of Munich, and was called to succeed him in 1846. His solemn induction took place on the 22nd of January, 1847. A heavy task awaited him, for notwithstanding the steadfastness of the King's devotion to the Catholic faith, and the good intentions of Graf von Abel, his Minister, Erastianism reigned triumphant in Bavaria, and crippled the Church in all her due liberties and independence. High hopes were formed that by the influence which the new Archbishop had with the King, and the prudent help of his Vicar-General, F. H. Windischmann, he would have been enabled to bring about a complete reformation in this state of things. These hopes were dashed to the winds by the outbreak against the King to which

* The philosophical errors of Professor Hermes, of Bonn, first started in 1835, and which subsequently, and especially during the immediately succeeding decade, had an immense following.

† This "great event" may be less familiar to Englishmen of the present day than to Germans, it may therefore be desirable to recal that the event spoken of is the imprisonment of Klemens Auguste, Archbishop of Cologne, for his noble stand against the secularising measures of the King of Prussia. This heroic Prelate died in prison six years later. If the Rhenish provinces had seemed stunned by the strange news of the sacrilege during these six years, there is no doubt that this death impressed them in a special manner, and that the character of martyrdom, which it almost bore, together with the intercession of his glorified spirit, were the cause of that remarkable revival of Catholic faith and devotion there out of much formal lethargy, on which the King of Prussia had been tempted to presume; a revival the fruits of which still abound at the present moment.

his unhappy connection with Lola Montes gave rise. The true-hearted Pastor could not forbear administering the remonstrances which the occasion demanded, but he lost thereby the royal favour. More than this. All the more important Catholics of the Munich University, Von Moy, Phillips, Höfler, Lassaulx, and others, were one by one sent out of Munich, and the Ministers who had had the courage to warn the King of his error were replaced by men who had no respect for the Church's rights, but who brought matters to such a pass that the King was forced to resign the crown.

The year 1848 afforded Archbishop von Reisach new opportunity for developing his zeal in the Church's cause. When the commotion with which all Germany was stirred had in some degree subsided, the Catholic Bishops met in solemn Synod at Würzburg (from October 21st to November 16th). Reisach not only took an important part in the debates, but also paved the way for obtaining the sanction of Rome to their decisions. The next year we find him fully employed in carrying out these decisions, and in preparation for a Conference of all the Bavarian Bishops. We have provision made by him at this date for the holding of Diocesan Synods, and for the regulation of philosophical and theological studies. In October, 1850, he called together the whole Bavarian Episcopate at Freising,* in order to declare clearly, once for all, the law of the Church as set forth in the Concordat in opposition to the one-sided *Religious Edict*, so called. The result of the deliberations, which lasted from the 11th to the 21st of October, was the famous Memorial which declared the Church's requisitions with great precision. This Memorial, however, produced but a slight amelioration in the principle of State interference, as expressed in the royal decree of the 30th March, 1852.† The Bishops renewed their representations on the 28th April, 1852, and again on the 15th May, 1853, and on 16th August, 1853, and 12th March, 1855, the Archbishop insisting with particular urgency on the fulfilment of Art. IV. of the Concordat.

In the meantime, his perseverance in these steps for the defence of the Church, his uncompromising character, shown not

* The old cathedral town of the see, whose Pastors had the title of Prince. The transference of the Metropolitan dignity hence to Munich was one of Joseph II.'s measures. Its cathedral is, however, more worthy of the title than the *Frauenkirche* which does duty for one at Munich; the crypt is one of the most curious relics of mediæval quaintness of design.

† See Vering, *Archiv. für Kath. Kirchenrecht*, 1862, ii., p. 395.

only in maintaining her absolute rights against the aggressions of the highest in the land, but also in matters of detail, as on the occasion of the death of the Protestant Queen Theresa, 26th October, had raised a wish that he might be removed to a distance. This desire of his opponents coincided, as it happened, with a favourite wish of the Holy Father—to have representative Cardinals of all the great nations resident in Rome. It was long since a German Cardinal had been reckoned in their number. Reisach's qualities, and his services, were well known to Pius IX., who had again had an opportunity of observing him while he was in Rome for the definition of the Immaculate Conception, and he accordingly decided to raise him to a place in the Sacred College. In taking affectionate leave of his Cathedral Chapter, 25th November, 1855, he mentioned that he had for seven years been staving off this separation, and that he now yielded in deference to the reiterated wishes of both the Sovereign Pontiff and the King of Bavaria. He was nominated to this new dignity in a Secret Consistory of the 17th December, and in the Allocution pronounced by the Pope on this occasion, full justice was done to his virtues and his meetness for the Cardinalate. On the 20th December he received at the hands of His Holiness the *Galerum rubrum* and the ring, which was to be a token of a still closer union with the Holy See.*

Much as Cardinal Reisach loved Rome, it cost him not a little to tear himself away from Germany. He found, however, some compensation in the Holy Father's affection for him, and in the multifarious and important works for the benefit of the Church with which he was occupied. Negotiations were going on at the time for the settlement of the disputes concerning ecclesiastical matters in the northern archdiocese of the Rhine. The Governments of Würtemberg and Baden had sent representatives to Rome to come to an understanding with the Holy See about the questions in dispute. The Pope had already appointed Cardinal Brunelli to conduct these negotiations, but he now superseded him by the nomination to this post of Cardinal Reisach, in whose intimate acquaintance with the affairs of Germany every one saw the fitting qualifications for it. The presence of these envoys in Rome was looked upon as a tacit acknowledgment of the Catholic maxim that concessions to temporal Governments are only valid when sanctioned by the Head of the Church, and great importance

* Mgr. Rauscher, Archbishop of Vienna, Mgr. Villecourt, Bishop of La Rochelle, and Father F. Gaude (Dominican) were created Cardinals in the same Consistory.

was consequently attached to the solution of the questions they came to discuss.

That the resolutions agreed upon did not receive the ultimate sanction of the Bavarian Chamber was through no fault of Cardinal Reisach, but through the treachery of the men who ought to have carried them through. Again and again, as German questions arose, he was employed to conduct them. In June, 1863, he went to the Tyrol to preside as Legate *a latere* at the centenary celebration of the Council of Trent. In 1866 he was intrusted with missions to Paris and London. He made use of this occasion to visit his own country, partly to renew acquaintance with old friends and partly to gain a personal knowledge of the position of affairs.

It need scarcely be remarked that, besides German affairs, the Cardinal was occupied with other important works. In 1856 he was named as member of the Congregation for extraordinary Church affairs, for the examination of Bishops, for the Index, and for Studies. In 1862 the Pope named him Prefect of the Congregation which supervises liturgical books and Oriental Canons, and soon after placed him in the Congregation of the holy offices of Rites and of the Propaganda, and at the head of that *Degli Studj*. Notwithstanding all this he found time to study, to do works of mercy, and, above all, to attend to the care of souls and to all his sacerdotal functions.

Philosophy and Christian archæology were the studies in which he most delighted, and he had pursued them while still Count Reisach, and before he came to Rome in 1824. By his clear and energetic mind he not only gained great knowledge and deep acquaintance with them, but he also acquired a singular love for philosophical inquiries, and a deep conviction of the importance and necessity of an exact and well-grounded study of philosophy. His interest therein remained so great that as Cardinal he followed up all its developments with the greatest attention, and, whilst in Rome, he, with the assistance of P. Curci, translated into Italian Kleutgen's valuable work on ancient philosophy. More as a recreation, but still with great profoundness, he added the study of Christian archæology, whereof Rome is the classical ground, and for which the Cardinal possessed in rich measure the necessary knowledge of its groundwork—history and dogma. More especially did he make it his business to explore the Catacombs, and so accurately did he become acquainted with them that, after the death of P. Marchi, scarcely any one but Cavaliere Giovanni de Rossi in Rome surpassed him. But it was not the knowledge

and theological interest of this study alone which so moved him. He had, beyond and above this, a practical aim, which did honour to his heart and his zeal, and this was to extend the knowledge of the Catacombs over a wider circle, and thereby to convince many of the venerableness, the immutability, and the truth of the Catholic religion. He was always delighted to guide inquiring strangers through "Subterranean Rome," and the winning friendliness of his manner, as well as the good judgment and clearness with which he placed before them the principal points of significance and gathered all the details together, will not easily be forgotten by them. In this way laymen gained, in a short time, a deep insight into the faith and life of the first Christians, and these short expeditions with the Cardinal, to whose great learning so much goodness and affability were joined, produced on many a religious impression which influenced the whole of their after lives.

It was not only to the visitors to Rome of the upper classes, however, that this Prince of the Church lent his friendly services. He treated his office of visitor to the Pellegrini Hospital as no sinecure, but as the actual exercise of his deep love for the poor of Christ, and those who have seen him attending to the peasant pilgrims in the midst of the Brothers and Sisterhood (themselves for the most part persons of noble family), will know that his labours there required no small amount of abnegation and self-command.

Time would fail to tell through the whole catalogue of his habitual good works, but amongst them we must not pass over the charity with which he used to give the spiritual exercises to the German soldiers of the Papal army. It was the same love of souls which moved him to accept the charge of the see of Sabina when it became vacant on the 22nd of June, 1868,* though, in fulfilling the ceremony of "taking possession" of his cathedral (of Magliano), he ran the risk of being made prisoner by the Italian Government, whose authorisation he would not ask.† The charge of his diocese pressed so heavily upon him that he could not content himself with being represented, though by two very able Vicars-General, and determined to fulfil his episcopal duties in person. And it was the fatigue of the Visitation undertaken in 1869, added to the laborious works in which he was already engaged, that enfeebled his constitution, and left him a prey to the attack of his last fatal illness.

The laborious works of which we have spoken concerned the

* By the death of Cardinal d'Andrea.

† Magliano is situated within the Usurped States.

Ecumenical Council. The Holy Father had such confidence in him that he named him President of the Preparatory Commission, and this he undertook without relaxing his other works and duties. Although numerous Consultors were appointed to work out separate reports, yet the whole weight of the general direction rested on the President, who devoted, as far as possible, his time and his solicitude to this great task. He had greeted the opening of the Council with the greatest joy, and entertained the surest expectations of its beneficial results. It fell to his lot to settle definitively the subject-matter that was to be brought under consideration, to guide the discussions in the various sittings, to be ready to supply explanations and references to the Consultors when necessary, and to give the result of the deliberations in a suitable form, and for this the Cardinal's whole intellectual strength, with all his ready activity and knowledge, were continually called into requisition. And the calmness and gentleness, together with the clearness and knowledge he showed, can never be forgotten by the Consultors over whom he was called on to preside.

After the Feast of St. Peter last year, Cardinal Reisach went to Palombara, a little town in his diocese, to rest after the toil of the winter, and also to hold a Visitation. He came back every week to Rome to go on with the preparations for the Council. This zealous and holy man did not think of his age. A letter written about this time (August 19) says—"The Cardinal suffers much pain from indigestion, and often feels very tired, but he will never allow himself any rest until the Council is over. Pray very earnestly for him." His activity was so great that no one thought him seriously ill. Unfortunately, at the end of September intense heat set in. A circular letter, dated September 30th, which was sent round to all the Cardinals, said—"What with over-exertion and the extraordinary heat of the weather, the internal weakness from which the Cardinal has been suffering for a long time, and, worse still, an attack of asthma and inflammation of the chest, so much increased that it was thought necessary, on the night of the 22nd—23rd, to call in medical aid. However, on the 27th there was such a decided change for the better that fears for him were allayed, and his Eminence now so far recovered that he once more contemplated being able to carry out the project he had formed before he was taken ill, and make a little tour, in order to fortify himself for the labours of the Council." It was further remarked—"The immense sympathy which this Prince of the Church found in his weakness and suffering in all circles, as well as from the Holy Father and the College of Cardinals, was a new

proof of the way in which his services were valued. The Holy Father sent constantly to inquire after him, sent his blessing and the assurance of his prayers, and, when the danger was over, he placed his palace at Castel Gandolfo at his disposal, hoping a sojourn there would hasten his recovery."

On the 6th of October, Cardinal von Reisach set out on his journey, and coming to the borders of Savoy he remained as a guest at Contamines sur Arve, a house of the Redemptorists. The hopes that were entertained of the great good this little tour was to effect were unfortunately not realised. Very soon the dangerous symptoms returned, and on the 24th he had so violent an attack that he received the last Sacraments. A letter from Rome of the 30th Oct. says—"The severe illness of the Cardinal causes us great alarm, in which the Holy Father himself participates." A short improvement again raised new hopes, and preparations were even made for a return to Rome. But the news that the Holy Father had named him as one of the five Legates found him so weak that a return to his labours was not to be thought of. On the 26th of December palpitation of the heart came on and brought this valuable life to an end.

The death of this distinguished Prince of the Church is indeed a severe blow, and happening just when it did it was most particularly felt. The Holy Father lost in him a servant ever true, an enlightened counsellor, and one in whom he placed the greatest trust and confidence. The Episcopate lost in him a Bishop who had gained the esteem of all from the immensity of his learning and experience, and his peculiar prudence and gentleness were qualities which would have been found most beneficial in the whole guidance of the Council. The Church lost in him an enthusiastic and loving champion, and one who forwarded her interests in every possible manner. But to the German Church the loss is greatest of all.

It is thus that Providence often deals with us. Men who to us seem indispensable to the Church's well-being are often called away just at the decisive moment of their usefulness. But we judge wrongly. God Himself rules the world, He governs and protects His Church, and when He deprives her of human help it is in order that our faith and confidence in His divine succour may grow stronger and more sure. When human support is thus removed His promise still remains—"I am with you all days, even unto the end of the world."

[This sketch of the life of Cardinal Reisach has been taken from a late number of the German Catholic review, *Der Katholik*, Feb., 1870].

The Marriage Laws of the Three Kingdoms.

PART THE FIRST.

THERE are many subjects which excite more general interest, but few of greater public importance, than that which is discussed, with great ability and fairness, by the Royal Commission on the laws of marriage in the Report which the Commission presented to Her Majesty in July, 1868. So many large and important questions are already under the consideration of Parliament, that it can scarcely be expected that the Legislature will find time at any early period to direct its attention to the reforms which have been recommended by this Royal Commission. The question, nevertheless, is one which deserves a very serious attention; and the Report of a Commission which included amongst its members the Lord Chancellor of England and the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Lord Cairns, Lord Penzance, and Sir Roundell Palmer, must be worthy of careful consideration. A circular letter was sent by the President of the Commission to all the Bishops of the United Kingdom—Catholic and Protestant—inviting them to communicate to the Commission such observations and suggestions as might occur to them on consideration of the whole subject. The letters of the Catholic Bishops, which are printed with other valuable evidence in an appendix to the Report, not only describe the working of the existing laws amongst Catholics in England, Ireland, and Scotland, but also explain shortly and clearly the teaching of the Catholic Church as to the constitution of the marriage contract. In anticipation of the legislation which the Report of this Commission has rendered inevitable by proving its necessity, it will be useful and not altogether uninteresting to examine, with such light as is thrown upon the whole subject by the evidence taken by the Commission, the character and operation of the existing laws, and also the

scheme of a uniform law which has been recommended by the Royal Commissioners.

There is a preliminary question, which is discussed at some length in the letters of the Irish Bishops, as to how far marriage falls within the sphere of civil legislation. It must be quite clear to every Catholic that an Act of Parliament cannot in any way affect the actual constitution of marriage; that the character of marriage is something sacred, and not merely a civil or legal *status* which the Legislature can give or take away. But marriage, which is the basis of the family and of civil society, is followed by certain purely civil effects, which the civil law is competent, and indeed specially adapted, to define and regulate. Though these general principles are simple, considerable difficulty arises in their application to a State whose laws derive their authority from the assent of the whole community, and in which Catholicism flourishes side by side with every form of schism, heresy, and unbelief. In such a State, in which no one doctrine as to marriage is accepted by the whole community, the Legislature is forced not only to define the civil effects of marriage, but also to declare what form of contract it will recognise, for civil purposes, as constituting a valid marriage. It may, as in England from the passing of Lord Hardwicke's Act in 1753 to 1836, prescribe a celebration according to certain specified religious rites. Such a course, however, must necessarily be aggressive and unjust to a certain portion of the community, as it was in England to all who were not members of the Established Church. Or the Legislature may take an opposite course; it may make a certain form of celebration essential for civil purposes, and forbid the introduction into such form of any religious rite whatever. Thus in France a purely civil form is indispensable. This is objectionable to Catholics, especially in countries in which the Decrees of the Council of Trent have been published, and where consequently the presence of the Priest is essential for the validity of marriage. A religious solemnisation may be allowed (as it is in France) after the civil marriage has been celebrated, but as the civil form is indispensable and is sufficient, the necessary consequence

of the law is that many Catholics, from various motives, are satisfied with the mere civil form, which for them is no marriage at all. Lord Hardwicke's Act and the present French law are examples of the two opposite and very objectionable systems which the Legislature may adopt; but there is a middle course between these two extremes, and much less obnoxious than either. The State may provide what is called a civil marriage for such as choose to avail themselves of it, and may, at the same time recognise, under certain conditions, the matrimonial ceremony, whether according to Catholic, Protestant, or any other rites, as constituting a legally valid marriage. A marriage law so framed—as our present law is, though defectively—is in truth more equal and just than a law such as the French, and it has the great merit of giving a direct sanction to the religious solemnisation of marriage. It is, nevertheless, open to the objection that it gives the civil effects of marriage in some cases to invalid marriages, as in Ireland to the marriage of Catholics in a registrar's office, and refuses them in other cases to marriages which are binding—as to marriages in Scotland, by the mere interchange of matrimonial consent. This objection is pointed out very clearly by several of the Irish Bishops in their letters to the Commission; but it seems to have been urged in anticipation of a proposal to adopt the French law in this country, and as the Commission has proposed nothing of the kind, it is not likely that it will be pressed as against the scheme which has been recommended by the Commission. This scheme would, indeed, leave every one free to be married in a registrar's office as at present, but it is intended to be, and is, more favourable to the preservation of the religious character of marriage than our present law. It seems almost unreasonable for Catholics to expect in a Protestant country anything more satisfactory than this; for we cannot hope, nor perhaps desire, that the law will, in the words of the Report, “attempt to enforce by secular prohibitions the spiritual discipline of any particular religious bodies.” The scheme of the Commission is not perfect; but a brief review of the laws which are in operation at present in England, Ireland, and

Scotland, will show with how much ability and fairness it has been framed so as to supply the defects and correct the evils of the present law.

The law may be considered as having, with regard to marriage, a threefold function: to prescribe the preliminary requirements which the State exacts as securities against clandestine, improvident, and unlawful marriages; to define the form of solemnisation which the State will recognise as constituting, for civil purposes, a valid marriage; and to provide for the preservation of evidence of marriage. In considering the existing marriage laws, it will be useful to keep this threefold function in view.

In England the law recognises two classes of marriages—marriages by the Established Church and marriages other than those by the Established Church. In the year 1864 there were registered 141,490 of the first class, and only 38,897 of the second. Marriages by the Established Church must either be preceded by the publication of banns, for three successive Sundays, in the parish church of the parish or parishes in which the parties dwell, or be authorised by a license or registrar's certificate. Thus, in the Established Church, banns, license, and certificate are the securities exacted by the law against clandestine and unlawful marriages. Banns, though not required by the civil law in the case of Catholic marriages, are an institution of the Catholic Church; and, although it appears that their publication is very freely dispensed with in Ireland, many of the Catholic Clergy, of large experience, attach great practical importance to them, as securities against improper marriages. The evidence, however, which came before the Commission certainly tends to show that in general, as concerns marriages by the Established Church, the publication of banns does not afford any valuable publicity, and that in many cases it is very inconvenient and objectionable. Thus the Bishop (late) of Oxford, who for five years was rector of a large parish in which, he says, a very large number of marriages were celebrated, remembers only one case of objection when banns were published in church. The dread of interference on the part of employers, or even of landlords, and various

other motives, some bad and others not unreasonable, deter many persons from being married by banns in their own parish. In the larger parishes in which such persons have their banns published it seems to be impossible, under the present system, for the clergyman to make satisfactory inquiries as to persons who have taken lodgings in the parish merely for the purpose of being married there. Thus in that class of cases in which precautions are most necessary it seems that the present system of banns in the Established Church is very nearly useless. On the other hand, if evidence had been taken as to the effects of the publication of banns in Catholic churches, it would probably have been found that even in towns where the Catholic population is most dense (as in Liverpool), banns are regarded by the Catholic Clergy as a most useful safeguard against clandestine and unlawful marriages. It may, moreover, be urged that the intention of marriage is invested with some additional solemnity by the publication of banns. The evidence which was taken by the Commission does not appear to prove at all conclusively that it is impossible so to amend and extend the law with regard to the publication of banns as to make it work beneficially and without inconvenience. The Commission, however, is satisfied that certain regulations may be devised which will answer every useful purpose that is sought by the publication of banns, and that banns "may be abolished, as a statutory requirement, throughout the United Kingdom, without any public disadvantage." The Commission would not prohibit or interfere with the publication of banns in any churches whose religious discipline may require it.

In the Established Church banns may be dispensed with by a "special license," granted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, or by a "common license," which is obtained from the Ordinary. Special licenses are granted only on special grounds, and on payment of a considerable fee. On an average only about twelve special licenses are granted in a year. About one-seventh of the marriages in the Established Church are celebrated under a common license, which may be obtained in all cases upon compliance with certain requirements. It is sufficient to add that these

requirements do not appear to afford any sufficient security against clandestine marriages. The requirements of the law, when a marriage is authorised by a registrar's certificate, are the same whether the marriage be celebrated in the Established Church or otherwise. Banns and license are in England peculiar to the Established Church. Only a small proportion of the marriages in the Established Church are celebrated otherwise than by banns or license, and it has already been remarked that neither banns nor license afford any adequate security against clandestine and unlawful marriages.

The law requires that all marriages by the Established Church shall be celebrated before a duly-ordained clergyman of the Church of England, and—where no special license has been obtained—in one of the churches in which the banns were published, or in the church mentioned in the license, or within the district of the registrar when the marriage is by registrar's certificate; and it is further necessary that the celebration should take place between the hours of eight and twelve, a.m., and be attested by two witnesses besides the officiating clergyman.

In order to secure the preservation of evidence of marriage a system of registration has been established, which (except as to Catholic marriages in Ireland and irregular marriages in Scotland) is in most respects the same in England, Ireland, and Scotland. In addition to the general system of civil registration, there is in England and Ireland a system of ecclesiastical registration of marriages by the Established Church which is recognised by the law. The system of civil registration appears to work very satisfactorily, and it is adopted, with only a slight alteration, by the Royal Commission in its recommendations.

The second class of English marriages includes all marriages other than those celebrated according to the rites of the Established Church. And for all marriages of this class (except those of Quakers and Jews, to which it will not be necessary to refer) the law is the same. It offers to all persons the alternative of having their marriage celebrated by a clergyman of their own "denomination," or

of merely contracting what is called a civil marriage. The formalities and precautions which are exacted by the law antecedent to marriages of this second class, are more real and effectual than those which are required in the case of marriages by the Established Church. In the first place, notice must be given to the superintendent registrar of the district or districts in which the parties reside. This notice must be in writing, and must state the age and condition of the parties, in what church the marriage is to be solemnised, and other particulars. The notice is accompanied by a declaration that there is no impediment to the marriage, and, if either of the persons is a minor, that such consent as is required by the law has been obtained. The legal penalties for making any false statement in the notice or declarations are the same as for perjury. The notice is entered in a book, which is kept at the registrar's office and is open to public inspection, but it is found that entry in such a book affords but little real publicity. The marriage must be authorised either by the "certificate" or by the "license" of the superintendent registrar. It may be celebrated, when by license, the second day after the entry of notice, but when a license is wanted the declaration accompanying the notice must show a residence within the district for at least fifteen days next before the notice. Seven days' residence before notice is sufficient when the marriage is to be by certificate, but before a certificate can be issued a copy of the notice must be suspended in the superintendent registrar's office during twenty-one successive days after the entry of notice in the notice-book. It may be added that the marriage must, in general, take place in the district, or one of the districts, in which notice was given, that is, in a district in which at least one of the parties resides. These formalities are obviously of much value as securities against clandestine marriages, and the Royal Commission, in its scheme of a uniform law, has recommended the adoption of similar but more stringent precautions.

Marriage under a registrar's certificate or license can take place either in the office of the superintendent registrar, or in a building, certified as a place of public

worship, which has been registered for the solemnisation of marriages. It must be celebrated between eight and twelve o'clock, a.m. A declaration before a registrar, and in the presence of two witnesses, is the only form of celebration which is prescribed by the law. In the registrar's office, no religious ceremony can be added; in a chapel or registered building, the addition of such form of religious solemnisation as the parties may desire is permitted. In Catholic churches the declaration prescribed by law is made at the conclusion of the religious ceremony. The Archbishop and the Bishops of England, in their joint reply to the circular sent to them by the President of the Commission, observe "that the rites and forms used in the Catholic Church are identical with those of the Established Church, and that the form of contract repeated before the registrar is essentially the same as that which has been already uttered in the religious rite; and this repetition to the registrar of what has been already declared to the clergyman, is apt to have a ludicrous effect, without any comprehensible reason for it." It will be seen that the Commission is of opinion that this inconvenience should be removed. There is a grievance, too, of a graver kind, with regard to the registration of churches, to which the Bishops called the attention of the Commission. They say, "With respect to the registration of churches and chapels, the present law requires twelve months' previous notice, the declaration of twenty householders, and a fee of three pounds. Upon these regulations we have to observe, that it is not unfrequent that some new work, mine, manufacture, or other enterprise, suddenly brings together a number of Catholic workmen with their families, who have to be provided with a place of worship and a school, and who have to support a clergyman, all out of their own industry and by the joint contribution of small offerings. In these cases, not to speak of others, it is sometimes almost impossible to find twenty Catholic householders. The place of worship erected is required as soon as practicable for marriages, for the nearest Catholic place of worship may be at a considerable distance, and the fee of three

pounds becomes an item of some consideration where everything has to be provided from the pence of the people." The Royal Commission has made some suggestions for the remedy of this grievance.

Marriages by the Established Church, and by registrar's certificate, are governed by substantially the same regulations in Ireland as in England. There are special statutory provisions for the regulation of Irish Presbyterian marriages; they must be by banns or license, and must be solemnised in a registered Presbyterian meeting-house by a Presbyterian minister. Mr. Monsell's Act, in 1863, made some provision for the registration of Irish Catholic marriages; but otherwise the statute law does not interfere with these marriages, which are therefore left to the operation of the common law, *i.e.*, the unwritten law, or legal custom and tradition of the country. The old, and we may hope almost forgotten, spirit of persecution does indeed discover itself in these oppressive statutes of the reign of George II., which are unrepealed. Under these statutes, every marriage celebrated by a Catholic Priest between two Protestants, or between a Catholic and "any person who hath been or hath professed him or herself to be a Protestant at any time within twelve months before such celebration of marriage," is declared absolutely null and void; and the celebration of such a marriage by any Catholic Priest is made a felony.* These laws are not only unjust, but, like all laws which create unnecessary conditions affecting the legal validity of marriage, they are (apart from their inequality) inexpedient and dangerous. Dr. Moriarty, who was examined by the Commission, spoke of the evil consequences of these statutes as follows—"I know that cases of very serious grievance have occurred from marriages being celebrated, I would say imprudently, by Priests within twelve months after the conversion of the party. I have one case before my mind, where a Protestant farmer came to me to get leave to marry a Catholic young woman of the neighbourhood. I told him I could not do it, I had no power to marry him. He then went

* Formerly a *capital* felony.

and made an abjuration, and was received into the Catholic Church; and a very short time afterwards he was married. I suppose I was a consenting party, but it was a very imprudent thing to do. He spent the poor girl's fortune, which was some £300, turned her out of doors, and the next place I met her at was the door of an attorney, whom she was going to employ to take proceedings against him. I told the poor young woman it was utterly useless, that she was not married in law; and she is now living with her father, after having her fortune spent, and after having been maltreated by this fellow, who professed himself a Catholic and in a very short time afterwards went back again to the Protestant Church."

It is scarcely necessary to say that the Royal Commission recommends the repeal of these unjust statutes of George II., and that it is of opinion "that no marriage, of which the celebration is in other respects valid, ought to be annulled or declared void on any ground connected with the religious profession, persuasion, or belief of both or either of the parties thereto at or before the time of marriage." Setting aside these statutes of George II., and Mr. Monsell's Act, which relates to registration only, Catholic marriages in Ireland are not in any way interfered with by Act of Parliament; and the common law requires only that the parties shall be competent to intermarry, and that a Priest shall be present at the time of solemnisation. These requirements are not so stringent as those of the ecclesiastical law in Ireland; and it is in this respect only (setting aside the Acts of George II.) that the civil law as to marriage conflicts with the law of the Church in Ireland. The State recognises certain marriages which the Church considers null and void. This conflict is, perhaps, of a negative kind; but it nevertheless opens the door to positive abuses. It has been dwelt upon at some length by the Bishops in their letters to the Commission, and it has been discussed at the beginning of this article. If the Legislature carries out the recommendations of the Commission, it will not merely tolerate, but will give every encouragement to the cele-

bration of marriage *in facie Ecclesiæ*; and we can scarcely expect the law in this country to do more to ensure the validity (in a Catholic sense) of all legal marriages contracted by Catholics.

It has already been observed that the system of registration, which prevails with substantial uniformity throughout the United Kingdom, does not extend to Scotch irregular marriages nor to Irish Catholic marriages. The Commission is not satisfied with the registration of Catholic marriages in Ireland. "Roman Catholics," the Report says, "about to be married are required, under a penalty of ten pounds upon the husband, to obtain previously to the celebration, from the district registrar, a form of particulars to be filled up. This certificate is to be signed at the time of the marriage by the officiating Clergyman, the parties, and two witnesses; and the husband is required to return it, by post, to the district registrar within three days after the celebration of the marriage, under the like penalty of ten pounds. No legal obligation, however, for any of these purposes, is imposed upon the officiating Clergyman; and the consequence is, that although in some of the Roman Catholic dioceses in Ireland, through the influence of the Clergy, these provisions of the law are extensively complied with, in other dioceses (and probably in the majority of cases) they are, as yet, extensively disregarded; and no prosecution is known to have taken place under this Act," *i.e.*, Mr. Monsell's Act (26 and 27 Vict., cap. 90). The law of the Church obliges every Parish Priest in Ireland to enter particulars of all marriages celebrated by him in registers to be kept for the purpose. As to these parochial registers, the Commission observes that "it is not the custom in Ireland (as it is in France) for the originals or duplicates of these registers to be sent to the diocesan Bishops; and no adequate securities seem to exist for their proper official custody, or for their safe transmission from each Parish Priest to his successor." The Commission does not propose that these parochial registers should be made legal evidence of marriage; but as it recommends that Catholic Priests, as well as other clergymen not

of the Established Church, should be made the official celebrants of marriage, so too it recommends that they should be made the civil registrars of all marriages celebrated before them:

The marriage law of Scotland, which is founded on the ancient Canon Law, is much less exacting in its requirements, and is in this respect simpler than the laws of England and Ireland. "The leading principle," said Lord Deas in a recent judgment, cited in the Report, "is that consent makes marriage. No form or ceremony, civil or religious, no notice before or publication after, no consummation or cohabitation, no writing, no witnesses even are essential to the constitution of this, the most important contract which two private parties can enter into, whether as affecting their domestic arrangements or the pecuniary interests of themselves and their families. Matrimonial consent may be verbally and effectually interchanged when no third party is present; and if it can be proved, even at the distance of years, by subsequent written acknowledgments or oath of reference, or in any other competent way, that such consent was seriously and deliberately given, the parties will be held to have been married, from that time forward, whether they have cohabited in the interval or not." Formerly, a valid marriage could be contracted, under the Scotch law, between persons whose residence in Scotland had been of the shortest duration. The moment the border was crossed, the interchange of matrimonial consent was sufficient to constitute a good marriage. The laxity of the law led to great abuses, and Gretna Green marriages were notorious until Lord Brougham's Act stopped them effectually, by enacting that one of the parties to every Scotch marriage should have his or her usual place of residence in Scotland at the date of the marriage, or should have lived in Scotland for twenty-one days next preceding such marriage. Although, however, the mere interchange of consent is sufficient in Scotland to constitute a valid marriage, still marriages without witnesses and unaccompanied by any religious ceremony—in other words, clandestine, or, as they are called, *irregular*

marriages—are not favoured by the law of Scotland ; several ancient laws impose penalties on the celebration of such marriages, without, however, affecting their validity. At present, the great majority of Scotch marriages are solemnised in the presence of a clergyman, according to the provisions of the statutes which regulate what are called *regular* marriages.

Until 1834 a Catholic Priest, solemnising any marriage in Scotland, made himself liable to severe penalties ; and a marriage so solemnised, though valid, was considered irregular. By an Act passed in that year these penalties were removed, and it was declared lawful for all persons in Scotland to be married by Priests or ministers of any Church or denomination whatever. Every regular marriage must be preceded by banns, which must be published in the Established Church of the parish in which each of the parties resides. The publication of banns in the parish church in the case of persons who are not members of the Established Church is not only objectionable as a violation of the principle of religious equality, but seems to be useless. "In the case of Roman Catholics, at any rate," says Dr. Murdoch, "it is altogether inoperative in the way of discovering objections. During an experience of over forty years, I do not recollect of even one solitary instance of the discovery of an impediment to an intended marriage made by the calling of the banns in the Established Church, while discoveries have again and again resulted from the simultaneous publication in Roman Catholic churches and chapels." A statement as to residence and of other particulars is made previous to the publication of banns ; and this statement must be verified by the certificate of two householders or an elder of the parish. The fees charged by the session clerks for the publication of banns are said to be so high, that their effect is to drive many of the poorer classes to marry irregularly, or not to marry at all. Marriage in a registrar's office is not known to the Scotch law, nor is the presence of a registrar required at any marriage in Scotland.

The law as to *irregular* marriages is not altogether free from doubt and obscurity. Its practical operation, how-

ever, is simple and certain in this respect, that it secures the validity of every marriage contracted by competent parties, independently of the form or ceremony which they have thought fit to adopt. Marriage may be contracted in Scotland, as was stated above, by the mere interchange of consent; a marriage so contracted is said to be *per verba de presenti*. But the law not only recognises the actual interchange of consent as a marriage; it supplies the absence of such actual consent by a constructive and fictitious consent, which is presumed where there has been a promise to marry *subsequente copulâ*. Marriages so constituted are said to be *per verba de futuro, subsequente copulâ*. In order to establish a marriage of this kind, the promise must in every case be proved either by writing or by the confession of the defender upon oath. But the defender cannot be called upon to confess or deny the promise upon oath who has subsequently (as in the *Yelverton* case) contracted a marriage with some other person. There is an important question which has been much discussed by Scotch lawyers, as to whether a judicial sentence in the life-time of both parties is not absolutely essential to the constitution of a valid marriage by promise afterwards consummated; upon this point a remarkable difference of opinion exists, and the law does not seem to be yet settled.

There is a popular impression that a marriage may be constituted in Scotland, independently of promise or contract, by what is called "habit and repute." The Report points out that this is not a mode of contracting marriage distinct from the two kinds of irregular marriage already noticed. "Such reputation," the Report says, "does not constitute, it is merely evidence of, marriage, and the principle upon which it is admitted as such evidence is not peculiar to the law of Scotland, but is common to every system of enlightened jurisprudence." The popular impression is not, however, without some foundation, for, as the Report shows, and as must be obvious to every one, the importance of habit and repute as evidence of marriage is very different where certain external forms are required for the validity of the contract,

as in England and Ireland, and where the one point to be established, the essential element in the proof of marriage is, as in Scotland, the intention of the parties.

In framing a uniform marriage law for the United Kingdom, the most stubborn obstacle to be encountered will probably be this peculiarity of the Scotch law as to irregular marriages. The Scotch are very tenacious of their customs and traditions. Irregular marriages, in fact, are reprobated by all, but many eminent men are strongly opposed to their legal abolition. There does not seem to be any doubt that the Scotch law does in fact lead to many abuses; the Vicar-Apostolic of Western Scotland testifies to the existence of such abuses among Catholics. He says of irregular marriages "that, by the Roman Catholic Church at least, they are strongly condemned as productive of great moral evils, and especially of frequent separations of man and wife, but too often followed by second adulterous unions. The portion of the ill-instructed and ignorant Roman Catholics incapable of distinguishing between the 'illicitness' and the 'invalidity' of irregular marriages can scarcely be convinced that such marriages are real and binding, and hence instances of bigamy occur." The one sound argument for the recognition of irregular marriages seems to be that thereby the law secures to itself the all-important element of certainty. When two persons have honestly gone through some form of marriage in Scotland, it is quite impossible for any doubt afterwards to arise as to their legal *status*. We shall presently see that this is not so either in England or Ireland, and in this respect, considering its certainty simply, the Scotch law is more perfect than that of England or Ireland. No good marriage in Scotland can be held legally void. A more perfect law than either the Scotch law or the English law would, so far as is possible, secure the certainty of the Scotch law without involving its defects. And it is such a law that the Royal Commission has endeavoured to devise.

With regard to the registration of *regular* marriages in Scotland, it will be sufficient to say that the system is substantially the same as the system of civil registration in

England and Ireland, except that the registration form is filled up, not by the registrar (who is not usually present at Scotch marriages), but by the parties themselves, as in Ireland under Mr. Monsell's Act, and is transmitted by these to the district registrar. In some cases irregular marriages may be registered, but there is no general system of registration for such marriages.

In this short review of the leading features in the marriage laws of the United Kingdom, it will not be necessary to consider the law of divorce. The Royal Commission does not deal, except incidentally, with this portion of the law; and the opinion of Catholics upon it is quite clear, well known, and rigid. The Commission, moreover, does not deal with the question of prohibited degrees, and proposes no change in the law as to the legal capacity of minors to contract marriage. Setting these questions aside, the only remaining point to be considered is the operation of the law as to *nullities*.

In Scotland, as has been remarked, any matrimonial form honestly adopted by the parties necessarily constitutes a valid marriage. Marriage is there reduced to its bare natural essence of mutual consent; and the absence of such consent is the only defect which can vitiate a marriage, contracted in Scotland by persons, one of whom has his or her usual residence in Scotland, or has resided in Scotland twenty-one days next preceding the marriage. The law as to *nullities* in England and Ireland is, on the other hand, very artificial; it is consequently dangerous, and is liable to lead and has led to great abuses. In England a marriage intended and supposed to be a *bonâ fide* marriage, may, in the words of the Report, "be vitiated and rendered null in law by the falsification, or even by a slight disguise, through the fraud of both parties, of a Christian name or surname in the publication of banns (though not in a licence); and possibly also in a registrar's certificate." Moreover, a marriage according to the rites of the Established Church is by statute declared null and void, if the parties have knowingly and wilfully intermarried in any other place than a church or chapel in which banns may be lawfully published (except by special

license), or without due publication of banns or license, or have knowingly and wilfully assented to or acquiesced in the solemnisation of such marriage by any person not being in Holy Orders. Again, a marriage by registrar's certificate, under the Act of 1836, is null and void, if the parties knowingly and wilfully intermarry in any place other than the church, chapel, or registered building, specified in the notice and certificate, or without due notice, or without the superintendent registrar's certificate or license duly issued, or in the absence of a registrar when his presence is required by the Act. The Irish law is similar to the English law in its provisions as to irregularities which render a marriage null and void; and there is the harsh and unjust enactment as to mixed marriages in Ireland, which has been already noticed. In considering these enactments, and especially the effect of the words "knowingly and wilfully," it is important, as the Report observes, to remember the maxim of English law, that every one is presumed to know the law—*Ignorantia legis neminem excusat*; and if the facts are notorious, the conclusions of law upon those facts are supposed, by a strict presumption of law, to be known to all. But practically, of course, legal doubts do sometimes arise upon perfectly well-known facts. Thus a question may be raised as to whether a church is duly authorised for the publication of banns; and Acts of Parliament have been passed to confirm marriages which have been solemnised in churches as to which such doubts had arisen. Thus persons, who have done their best to comply with all the requirements of the law, may be deemed in law to have knowingly and wilfully committed such irregularities in the solemnisation of marriage, as render it null and void to all intents and purposes. The law, in this respect, cannot be considered satisfactory.

After this short review of our marriage laws, it is scarcely necessary to dwell upon their many defects. The most obvious inconvenience of the existing law—and one which involves many practical evils—is its want of uniformity. In these days of cheap and speedy travelling, England, Ireland, and Scotland are practically one country; differences of language have almost died out, and even the

old theories as to differences of race have been very successfully attacked by Professor Huxley. Customs may differ in England, Ireland, and Scotland ; but peculiarities of customs are quite compatible with uniformity of law. Why then should the Irishman or Scotchman, who goes home to be married, be obliged to comply with legal requirements totally different from those which were required of his brother who was married in England ?

And further, the Commission asks—Why should there be one law for Catholics, another for members of the Church of England, another for Presbyterians, another for Quakers, and another for Jews ? But not only is the general system defective in its want of uniformity and consequent want of simplicity, but the laws themselves which regulate the various modes in which marriage may be celebrated, are open to many grave objections. They contain two opposite defects. They are in many cases too exacting in prescribing unnecessary forms, and, on the other hand, they seldom, if ever, provide sufficient securities against clandestine and unlawful marriages. The law, moreover, in England and Ireland attaches too essential an importance to the observance of formalities. This and other defects, to which it is not necessary again to refer, have already been pointed out in the course of this article. The recommendations of the Royal Commissioners, the principles laid down by them as the principles of a sound marriage law, and the scheme of a uniform law, which has been framed by them upon those principles, must be reserved for discussion in another article.

J. W.

Wafted Seeds.

CHAPTER II.

THE HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE OF SHOTTERTON.

I HAVE already hinted that Jack Wilton had, as Gerald Merton thought, given him some slight cause of complaint with reference to his own marriage. In fact Jack had, as his friend Gerald deemed it, rushed into matrimony of a sudden, and very imprudently, and, moreover, without consulting his friends beforehand, or even informing them of what he had done. Gerald had heard little from him for some months. He had been himself engaged in his duties at Oxford, where he was tutor and bursar as well as fellow of his College, and during the Easter vacation, which had now been past some six or seven weeks, he had remained in residence, and so had not fallen, as he usually did at that time, in Jack's way. For there was one day in the year when Jack was always to be found on the bank of the river between Putney and Mortlake, but this year he had been missing even from the University Boat Race, nor had he shown his face at the dinner afterwards, in which one of that long-unbroken series of Oxford victories, to which Mr. Goldie and his crew have just now put an end, had been commemorated. Keenly fond of "the river" himself, Gerald had been far less famous upon it than his friend, but since the latter had left Oxford, three years ago, he had always made a sort of point of meeting him on that occasion. Then rumours had come to him which were by no means agreeable. Jack, it was said, had made a foolish marriage; he had picked up an Irish girl without money, an orphan, and with a younger sister to take care of into the bargain. Then, of course, the lady was a Catholic, and, though Gerald had no strong prejudices himself, he knew that his friend might seriously impair his own prospects by such a step, taken, moreover, as it seemed pretty plain it had been taken, without the knowledge, or at least the consent, of the uncle on whom those prospects mainly depended. Altogether things looked badly.

Jack had about three hundred a year of his own, not by any means too much to keep him comfortably in the easy bachelor life

which he had adopted since he left College. He chose to call himself an architect, and had even passed some time under articles in an office to train himself more thoroughly, but it was easy to see that his fine taste and great talent for drawing had settled him in the choice of a nominal profession, without giving him the energy or industry to put his shoulder to the wheel manfully and with perseverance. There are some men indolent by nature, and others who have a capacity for work and yet do nothing, because they have not yet found the right thing to do. We shall see to which of these two classes our friend Jack belonged. He certainly belonged to one of the two—if the amount of actual work that he got through was to be the anterior of his industry. He was too popular and too pleasant in company not to be sought after in London, where his school and College friends abounded, and where he soon found himself in a stratum of society higher than he might naturally have aspired to. He was one of those agreeable and useful men whom people in the great world like to have at their parties, and to make the executors of a thousand little plans, plots, and commissions. He had a good tenor voice, and was thus invaluable at concerts and *matinées*. He could organise any kind of party, and get up charades or tableaux, with absolute trustworthiness. He never put himself too forward or got in anybody's way whenever he went, as he could not often be persuaded to go, to houses in the country, to make things pleasant with a large gathering of visitors. Somehow, too, mothers trusted their daughters with him without fear. He seemed to care little for female society, and yet his opinion about dress and looks was eagerly sought for and valued when given. In truth, society seemed to care more for him than he for it. Yet he had lent himself to it without letting his professional studies stand in the way. Somebody said that Jack had once been asked to design a church, and had been so fastidious or so lazy in drawing the plans that his employer had gone off in despair to some one else. At all events industry was evidently not yet his strong point. Some of his best years had passed, and his friends had already given up hopes of distinction for him, consoling themselves with thinking that he was likely enough to be well provided for without any pains of his own.

These hopes of a good provision for Jack Wilton rested upon the position in which he stood to a childless uncle. The uncle in question added considerably to Jack's income, and had certainly always led him to think that he would be his heir. Charles North was really very fond of his nephew, but he was one of those men

of whom no one could exactly predict what they would do under unforeseen circumstances. He was the second son of a country lawyer, of good but not wealthy family, who, after receiving the best education that the grammar-school of the little town in which he was born could afford, had been sent to London to a merchant's office when he was half-way through his teens, had stuck to his work with great energy and fidelity, and had found himself at six-and-thirty a principal partner in the business, with a very considerable fortune already amassed. It was, perhaps, in some respects lucky for him and for the firm to which he belonged that its concerns did not rest entirely on his shoulders. He was wonderfully faithful and tenacious, and at the same time often painfully irresolute when undivided responsibility was thrust upon him. He would give admirable advice to others, yet could never act without an effort on his own opinion. His life, moreover, had been gladdened by two great triumphs, and overcast by one mighty sorrow, which almost overwhelmed him. Before he had left Shotterton for London to enter on his career in business, he had given his love to a girl of his own age, Teresa Amyot, the daughter of a Catholic gentleman in the neighbourhood, whose affairs were entirely in the hands of his own father. Then, after many long years of silent waiting, he had at last been able to take her to his home as his wife. But this was not all. His youthful dreams of happiness had all been connected with Shotterton Manor, an old grey gabled house, with square mullioned windows, with rows of clipped yews, and square ponds and formal gardens, nestling at the foot of the broad bare downs which stretched for miles inland, their calm face only broken by furze and copses of larch, beech, and oak. Shotterton Manor owned the rich green meadows through which the little Shute made its way towards the sea, and round it were grounds which adjoined the little town, and which were of extent sufficient to justify the name of "the Park," bestowed upon them by its inhabitants. Much as Warren Hastings did, Charles North had determined, before he left to begin his life in the world, that Shotterton Manor should one day be his own. This did not seem very easy of accomplishment. The Manor had come by marriage into the possession of a certain great Earl, as proud as Lucifer, who only visited it for a fortnight in the shooting season, and did not even seem to care much for keeping it up decently. Still, he would probably have ordered out of his sight at once any one who might have asked him to part with his grandmother's inheritance. However, even mighty Earls must yield to fate. The eldest son of this potentate took to keeping

race-horses, which he might have managed well enough with the help of the great north-country trainer whom he employed, but he also took to betting and "book-making," and for this dangerous occupation he lacked both the knowledge and the application requisite. Then, unfortunately, he thought it a fine thing to wager large sums of money off-hand. Every one acquainted with the sporting events of the time of which I speak will remember how, in the year —— (which I must confess I am unable to give with perfect accuracy), when Sisyphus won the Derby and Niagara the Oaks, Lord Silford had been wild enough to act on a joke made by a late celebrated statesman and turfite, that Sisyphus could never get up a hill and that Niagara must needs be a roarer, and he betted very largely indeed against the two winners. It was said then that a "certain noble lord" would not be able to show his face the week after the race on the settling-day.

But Lord Silford did show his face, nevertheless, and it soon transpired that the Earl, his father, had saved him by a sudden sale of the Shotterton estate and another to a speculator, who had advanced money to meet his son's losses. It was not long after this that Charles North became possessor of the old grey house and its adjacent domain. His quiet reserved character seemed to expand under this great joy. He had loved few things in his life, but this was one of them. A few of the privileged children resident in the neighbourhood had always been allowed to visit the old house from time to time, and Charles, with his brother and sister and their playmates, had roamed along the old galleries, and become familiar with the family pictures, and even the old books in the library. At other times they had been allowed to catch carp in the ponds, and make up little picnic parties of their own under the gloom of the old yew hedges. And now, before the prime of his life was past, he had become the master of this house of his childhood's fancy, and he was able to instal in it as its queen the playmate with whose place in his heart those childish adventures had had something to do.

There he still lived at the time of my story's opening, but he was broken and prematurely old, having been bowed to the earth by the great grief of the death of his wife only a year after he had brought her in triumph to the Manor. A daughter, the only child ever born to them, had died just before her mother, and Charles North had hardly the courage once more to face active life. He lived so far alone at the Manor that he never made any of his nephews or nieces the offer of a permanent home with him, but as his elder brother, who had taken up his father's business, had a

goodly family, and his wife's relations looked upon him as one of themselves, he was hardly ever without some companion from one or other of the households.

Jack Wilton, the only and orphan child of his favourite sister, was almost his adopted son, and was considered at Shotterton as the future master of the Manor. He was the only one of the younger generation who came to and went from it as a home. His uncle let him do very much as he chose, but Jack had once confided to Gerald one of the very few strong wishes which the kind old man had expressed to him as to his future. One of the sisters of Teresa Amyot was a nun in a convent in a neighbouring county, and it was Charles North's habit to visit her once a year, about the anniversary of his wife's death. Cecilia had been Teresa's chief companion in youth, and she had even lived a short time with her at the Manor. She had been with her when she died. When Cecilia went, in the course of the next year, to the convent, Charles had accompanied her, and from that time had never failed to correspond with and see her occasionally. She was his last and closest link to his lost Teresa. After one of these visits he had been talking with his nephew more openly than ever before of his own married life. "It never does," he said, "for two of a different religion to marry."

Jack was much surprised, as he had always thought his uncle's wedded life to have been singularly happy while it lasted. But he did not speak.

"No, it never answers," said Charles North again. "People of different religions should not marry. Your aunt and I fretted one another, with all our love, and I think she was taken away because she had married me. We never quarrelled, but there was a wall between our souls. She thought your cousin died that she might not be a cause of contention between us. John," he said, "whatever you do, remember that you must marry one of your own religion."

Charles North's Catholic nieces, Grace and Barbara Amyot, were considered the greatest beauties in —shire, and it had been in answer to a jesting question put by Gerald with regard to one of them that Jack had told him this anecdote about his uncle. "No," he had said, "whatever I do, I mustn't do what my uncle did." Yet now here was Jack with a Catholic wife, and an Irish girl into the bargain! Gerald had spent a good many of his days at Shotterton, and he was now on his way to a visit at the Vicarage on business of his College, which owned some property in the

parish and had the presentation to the living. He knew Mr. North well, and feared for his friend from the singular character of the old man, who seemed likely to resent a departure from his injunctions, and especially any concealment about the matter. But his attachment to his friend made him even more anxious on other accounts. Jack was a good-natured fellow, but owned an excellent head and a sound judgment. Had he made a grand mistake as to his own happiness in life?

This question will be answered in our following chapters, but, as I have begun on the subject of Shotterton, and the prospects which it was supposed to offer to Jack Wilton, I may as well conclude this chapter with a somewhat fuller account of the place and its inhabitants.

Shotterton is a quiet little town, which in point of population or of commercial activity would be thought very much behind the world in the north of England, but which is, nevertheless, held in high esteem as the centre of civilisation to a goodly tract of the sparsely-populated county of the south in which it is placed. It has its fine old church, with a tall tower of the latest period of Gothic architecture, and round the church there is a cluster of buildings which still retain a good deal of architectural pretension, and which formerly housed a small religious body of Benedictine monks. They were handed over in the days of the Reformation, along with a portion of the land of the parish and the patronage of the living, to a certain College at Oxford, with the obligation of keeping up a grammar-school for the parishioners attached to the gift. It is not my purpose to dwell upon the manner in which this trust has been discharged, as to which my readers will find full information in the lately-published Report on Education. The school, at all events, has always subsisted, and its existence has probably kept the old range of buildings I speak of from demolition. At the beginning of this century, Shotterton school was by no means unknown to fame. It gathered to itself many of the sons of the clergy and gentry in the county, and even attracted to the town itself families in search of cheap and good education. Shotterton boys in those days gained scholarships at Oxford, and two or three of them could be named who had been highly distinguished in the class list, though they have never passed through any other school before going to the University. There Charles and John North had been educated, and the latter, in particular, who had remained quietly in his native place and in his father's business after his brother had been sent to London, had built a very large and profound acquaintance with general

literature upon the foundations laid in the school. Unless, however, some new measures should revive Shotterton school, along with other similar institutions throughout the country, I fear its best days have gone by.

The living of Shotterton is fairly rich, and it is usually filled by a senior fellow of the College of which I speak, which has few other pieces of preferment of higher value. This generally secures the good people of Shotterton a cultivated scholar for their pastor, though I am not sure that some of the incumbents have not come to their preferment rather too late in life to take to very active habits in the care of their parish. The parish is large in extent, as it ranges over the considerable track of upland which bounds the valley of the Shute on the east, but this part of the district is very scantily inhabited indeed. There are two or three small outlying hamlets above and below Shotterton in this valley, and to the west there are downs again, here and there broken by fine woods and of grand outline, but with few habitations to enliven their loneliness. So Shotterton is somewhat cut off everywhere else, even in these railroad days, which have only brought the — line to a station some two miles above Shotterton on the river, and its little commonwealth is but tardily responsive to the agitation and excitement of the great world outside. It goes on its way in a simple humdrum fashion, and it has done so for centuries. There are the same few old Saxon names cropping up over and over again in the registers of births and burials. Even the shops are handed on from father to son, and many of the large farms in the parish have been in the same families for generations. The greatest elements of change used to be the three or four families who succeeded one another as renters of the few good houses planted here and there in the midst of the town, and who came, as I have said, in search of the educational advantages offered by the school to residents in Shotterton. Then, there is a fair succession of young curates. As far as memory lasts, Shotterton has lacked even the occasional enlivenment of a great family coming down from London after the season to inhabit the fine old manor-house of which mention has already been made. The Earl had limited his visits to a fortnight now and then, and then he had only brought a few gentlemen with him. When Charles North bought the Manor, brighter days in this respect seemed likely to dawn, as he became a permanent resident in his new home, but his wife's death soon ensued, and the place became once more, if not gloomy, at least quiet and stagnant.

I feel bound to add that, if Shotterton was dull, it was at least

peaceful and content. There were no Montagues and Capulets to dispute pre-eminence in its streets. The Norths had been settled there for two or three generations, and their large and comfortable house, with its nicely-planted grounds and few fields beyond, and with its ample gardens and lawns and shrubberies striking the eye as the traveller approached from the north, might almost have done duty for the residence of a squire holding the whole of the property round about. The Norths were, in fact, the social and lay rulers of Shotterton in the absence of any one at the Manor who might have overshadowed their greatness, and I may also say that their general kindness and active benevolence quite deserved the confidence which the inhabitants placed in them. If a labourer or a shop-keeper had saved a trifle and wished to invest it safely, Mr. North was the man who would do it for him; and if there was a squabble between two farmers or neighbours, Mr. North was the man to settle it. If Shotterton had had a Member to return by universal suffrage it would certainly have been Mr. North; as it was, the people made him Churchwarden, or Guardian, or Sanitary Commissioner, or Captain of Volunteers, or whatever else they had an opportunity of making him. In a civil war I think they would have followed the fortunes of the house of North even against her Most Gracious Majesty herself. Then the secular power at Shotterton was in complete harmony with the ecclesiastical power. Mr. North and his family were hand and glove with the Vicarage. Here, I think, we notice a fact that speaks well for the judicious heads which regulated these delicate relations. That Mr. North and Mr. Wychwood should agree were only to be expected. Both were gentlemen, sensible men, who had known the world, and, withal, men of taste and cultivation. But that the ladies at Mr. North's should agree with the ladies at the Vicarage, when there were so many points of contact between them on the dangerous questions of church music, penny clubs, school feasts, almshouses, soup kitchens, coal tickets, and the like, has always struck me as a phenomenon remarkably creditable to the climate, the more so as Mrs. North is the daughter of a former incumbent. Certainly there were not many disagreeable members of either household, but every one knows that on the important questions just now enumerated even the most amiable of friends must often come into collision. Then there were Dissenters, of course, at Shotterton, as everywhere else, but their meeting-house was an old-fashioned place, with a seventeenth-century look about it, and a small graveyard of its own, and its minister was a polite sedate inoffensive

personage, by no means inclined to kindle religious troubles in the community. He gave no trouble to the vicar, and on certain great occasions he even allowed his people to attend the parish church. Now and then there was a meeting of the Bible Society, or of a Society for the Conversion of the Jews, or of Irish Papists, which produced a temporary disturbance in the calm air of Shotterton, but the excitement soon passed away. The only place in the town which was in some measure permanently out of tune, where you were pretty sure to hear jangling tongues and to see sour looks, was, I am sorry to say, a row of old almshouses, somewhat poorly endowed, and tenanted by some dozen old dames, who were usually at war with one another and grumbling against every one else.

A mile and a half down the river there is a still quieter and more lonely little place than Shotterton itself—Shotcote, a small straggling village, gathered round the lodges of Shotcote Park, the residence of the Amyots, the Catholic family of whom mention has been made. Here there is a small Catholic community, consisting of the immediate dependents of the family at the Park, who have lately built a neat little chapel, presbytery, and school. The Park used to have its chapel upstairs, and is said to possess more than one hiding-place where the Priests, who served the family uninterruptedly during the days of persecution, had sometimes to take refuge from the pursuivants. The Amyots had formerly owned the whole of Shotterton and a very large estate in the county besides. There is an old chest in their hall full of receipts of fines which they have had to pay from time to time for non-attendance at the parish church, and the Manor estate itself was wrested from them by an act of tyranny in the early days of the Stuarts. At present they are in possession of a comparatively moderate property, but they are still considered one of the first families in the shire, and hold a high place among the Catholic gentry of England. They are on excellent terms with their neighbours, and their chaplain is as welcome as themselves. There was but little opposition on their part to the alliance of Teresa with Charles North, and her death has not chilled the cordial intimacy between the families.

At the time at which I am writing there was a somewhat undue disturbance of the balance between the sexes among the aristocracy of Shotterton and its neighbourhood. Mr. Wychwood at the Vicarage had a single child, a daughter. He was a widower, and his sister Bertha had lived with him ever since he left Oxford, first as a simple inmate of his house, and then, after the death of his

wife, as its manager. She had entirely educated her niece Amy, now just nineteen. Mr. John North had three daughters and but one son, who was following his father's business in the office. At Shotcote there were the two Miss Amyots, Barbara and Grace, and two brothers. Jack Wilton, whom we are keeping waiting all this time for his breakfast, was looked upon by the good people of Shotterton as a sort of Prince of Wales, an heir-apparent who was certainly to marry one of the Princesses who figured in the little world of which we have been speaking. And now, as the reader knows, this hope of the dynasty had gone and committed himself to a decided *mésalliance*, not likely to be more acceptable to the faithful Commons of Shotterton than to the more important classes of the population.

CHAPTER III.

THE BURKES OF CASTLECARROW.

"JOHN," said Margaret, as she came into the room for breakfast, "Do you know the Poor Law Commissioners? There are two poor Irish boys——" and then she stopped, remembering the presence of her guest.

"How many of them do you want me to know, Margery?" said Jack, laughing. "Suppose we say the Prime Minister or the Lord Chancellor—or shall we try to get at the Queen herself?" He saw that her head was running on some grievance, or supposed grievance, of her countrymen, but he did not wish to hear it out then and there. "Give us some breakfast, for Gerald and I are to have a walk in the gardens before he goes. I am going to tell him all your wicked antecedents."

Margaret blushed, but Gerald saw at once that it was only that she did not like being talked over. The breakfast went on fairly enough, the two young men keeping up the conversation about Oxford news and the politics of the day, Gerald every now and then putting a question to Margaret, who was the silent one of the party, and sat listening with eager interest, for she had seldom heard her husband drawn out by one of his own sort. Every now and then she put in her word, and her bright simplicity and utter ignorance of the world alternately charmed and amused her new acquaintance. At last Jack asked Gerald to put on his hat and stroll with him into the Temple Gardens, near at hand, that he might unburthen himself to the most intimate and the dearest of his friends.

There was still great freshness in the air and a fine breeze on the

river, which blew away the smoke from St. Paul's and the other great buildings in sight, and made the moving life of the boats on the water, freighted with their cargos of clerks and men of business on their way to the City by the best of London's highways, look still more brisk, freshened the cheeks of the children who were running and tumbling about on the grass, and gave a tremulousness to the bright star-like flowers among which they were playing. Jack and his friend paced up and down, heedless of the children and their nurses, of the flowers, and butterflies, and steamers, and the flowing tide itself, till Gerald looked at his watch, and found that he had already missed one train, and must be sharp if he would catch the next. So, wringing Jack's hand warmly, he rushed up to Temple Bar, and threw himself into a cab for the Waterloo Station, whither he had taken the precaution of ordering that his light luggage should be sent to meet him.

The burthen of Jack's story may, however, shortly be told. In the autumn of the last year he had persuaded Gerald and another old friend, to join him in his favourite vacation employment, a walking tour, in which, however, there was certainly as much riding as walking. They had chosen Ireland as the scene of their expedition, and had roved down southwards from Dublin, making slow progress, however, on account of the perpetual and resistless calls made on their time by Irish hospitality. They had made it a general rule to follow the sea-line as far as possible, and had lingered over the beauties of the coast of Kerry before they made their way to the wonders of Killarney. There a rainy week had caught them, and by the time it was over Gerald and Jack's other friend had run out the time that they could give to pleasure before returning to their duties at Oxford. Jack had set his heart on Connemara, Joyce's country, and the Killeries; as he wished to see the vestiges of Spanish grandeur at Galway, he had heard of Lough Corrib, and the fine north-west coast, so he resolved to go on by himself. Four or five weeks after his own return to College, Gerald had received from his friend a letter, feebly written, and dated from an old house once belonging to the renowned De Burgos, one of whose descendants was his host. Here, wrote Jack, he was being carefully nursed after a violent fall from an unbroken Irish mare, which he had put at one of the loose stone walls of the country, and from which he had had "a bad spill" followed by a broken bone and the fever it brought on. His chief attendants were the hereditary nurse of the family and Margaret Burke, his host's daughter. Gerald had well remembered a passing feeling of curiosity at the mention of a young lady

nurse, but as so little was said about her, he dismissed the idea from his mind, especially as Jack had written to him before Christmas from his chambers in London.

In that walk in the Temple Gardens, Jack unfolded the mystery of the "kind nurse," to which indeed his friend had paid but little attention at the time. He had been barely sensible when he had been carried into Mr. Burke's house, and when he woke up to consciousness he was hardly able to imagine what had come to him. He was in a large, pretty room, sitting-room and bedroom in one, with sketches on the wall, flowers on the window-sill, books and drawing materials on the table, all breathing a neatness and delicate refinement which left no doubt as to the sex of the lawful occupant. It was quite clear that he was being nursed in the *sanctum* of the young lady of the house herself. The good-natured smiling old "Ailie" who brought him his food could not speak a word of English, and it was necessary for Jack to express his wants and feelings either to the half grey-headed gentleman, John Burke, or to one of his two daughters. The mother of the family had long been dead. Jack was treated with a tenderness and charity which could not certainly have been surpassed had he had a mother and sisters of his own to nurse him, and yet he had no claims on the Burkes save such as a letter of introduction had given. As was usual with him, he made his way easily to the hearts of his kindly hosts and their very few neighbours. The Priest of the parish, a cousin of Mr. Burke's, came to visit him, talked to him about books, cracked an occasional controversial nut with him—and told him that he would be a good Papist some day. "Ay, and a Priest too, perhaps, Mr. Wilton; you look just like a Priest—you've got a Priest's eye," the good old man said, in a quiet grave manner, which made Jack give a start almost as if a voice not of earth had spoken to him. The effect soon passed away, as Jack had not the slightest idea of renouncing his parental religion, and was indeed at that moment just beginning to recognise in himself a growing feeling towards Margaret, the elder of the two sisters who flitted about him, which, if it ever came to ripe maturity and found an answer to itself in the heart of that young lady, might seem likely to defeat entirely the latter part, at all events, of Father Burke's prediction.

"Who could help loving Margaret?" Jack asked himself many times during the last fortnight of his enforced sojourn at Castle-carrow, during which she had been the chief companion of his convalescent attempts at walking and driving about; Mary, the younger sister, who had not yet finished her schooling, having gone

back to her convent at Rathfarnham for her last year. Mr. Burke was with them as much as his avocations allowed him, but he was hard at work on the large farm which was all that remained to him of the family estate, and which gave but scanty return to his industry and exertions. Things were not very well with him, notwithstanding his honesty and sobriety, and he had sometimes wistfully thought that if he were a younger man he would try his luck, with so many of his former neighbours, on the other side of the Atlantic. John Burke was one of that class of men of whom the very sinew and fibre of a nation's strength is formed, and yet, if he had had sons instead of daughters, sons like himself in energy and virtue, they would certainly have taken flight from the land which yet they loved so passionately. His only son had died early.

As the day of his departure came in sight, Jack became grave and silent in his intercourse with Margaret. He had no doubt now as to his own feelings with regard to her, and though she had perhaps never questioned herself as to what she felt about him, Jack had little doubt that he was loved in return. But he knew that there were a thousand objections to his marrying her, even if her heart were given to him. He thought little of his uncle or his own prospects if he went against his wishes; and he never hesitated for a moment on the ground that he might be thought to have married beneath his station. John Burke was certainly as true a gentleman as if he had owned half an English county. But Jack had sometimes felt that he would never marry, he knew not why, and besides, there was the difference of religion, which would, as he thought, be an immovable obstacle in the eyes of the Burkes. So he behaved as an honest fellow as he was. He kept down his own feelings, though it was a hard task when he saw that the graveness and comparative coldness of his manner was not unnoticed by Margaret. There was a tear in his eye as he drove off in a car, with Mr. Burke for his companion, to the nearest town. In his parting with her father he was warmer and more affectionate than he had ventured to be with her. There was something that touched him in John's earnest manner as he made him promise to come back and see them all again some day. Father Burke, too, whose house they passed on their road, made them come in, mixed a glass of whiskey for Jack with his own hands, and he too, after a hearty "God be with you," pulled him aside for a moment, and said, "Mind, sir, you are to come back to us!"

"I shall never see them again," thought Jack, as he at last

found himself alone on his route to Dublin. But early in the winter events came about which made him take the course which had occasioned so much perplexity to his friends. He had heard once or twice from Mr. Burke, and from the Priest; each time there had been some little inquiry which showed him that Margaret remembered him. In January, Father Burke wrote that his cousin had died suddenly, that his affairs were in some confusion, and that of course the girls could not go on with the farm. "They have no friends in the world but myself," he added, "and I am getting old. Well, I ought not to have written that they have no friends, for they have one in you."

Hereupon Jack had written a long letter to Father Burke, which remained a whole week without an answer; at last the good old Priest wrote a single line—"Come back to us!"

Then Jack hesitated no more, he was at the farm in a few days, and the state of confusion in which the little family found itself seemed to fall into order at his presence, as if he had become by natural right the head of the household. The uncle smoothed all difficulties on account of the suddenness of the proposal to be made to Margaret, and indeed the circumstances were such that there was no time to lose. "Your father would wish it," he said. It was settled that the winding-up of the affairs of the estate should be left to him, and that Margaret and Mary should go till after Easter to stay with a relation at Glasgow. There, little more than three months after she had become an orphan, Jack made her his wife. The three thousand pounds which John Burke left behind him were to be divided equally between the two sisters, and Mary's portion was to be put aside, her uncle defraying the expense of a year or two more schooling at Rathfarnham. She was to live with her sister when not at the convent.

Though in this arrangement the Burkes were gainers in a worldly point of view, I am sure that William Burke would never have given his niece to Jack unless he had not only had the most perfect confidence in his character, but also a sort of instinct that a Catholic wife would be safe in his hands, and might even lead him to join her own faith. As a general rule, he was strongly opposed to mixed marriages, which were far more common when he was young than at the present time; but he also knew several instances in which they had led to good. Our tale will show whether his instinct was in this case a sure guide. As for Jack, I may as well say that Gerald was mistaken when he thought he had not informed his uncle, Charles North. It is true that he

had not done so till the arrangement was completed, and when his uncle did not answer his letter, he went on in his path without more ado. He was now really anxious at not having received any answer to his announcement of his actual marriage. Mr. North's silence had kept him silent to others. Gerald was on his way to Shotterton, and he was glad to have told him his story, and still more to have shown him his bride.

"Well, dear old fellow, the best thing you can do, I think, is to let every one see her," Gerald had said at parting; "she'll win your uncle's heart in half a day. But I must be off, and as it is I shall have to telegraph that I have missed my train. Say all that is kindest for me to your Margaret, and be sure that I will keep my ears open at Shotterton, let you know what is the state of things there, and defend your cause and Margaret's with all my might. God bless you!"

"One moment," said Jack. "You'll see Mrs. Tuckett at the Vicarage. Give her that from me, with my love." It was a photograph, which he produced out of a pocket-book, representing him and his Margaret standing, the one with his legs crossed in a way that drew attention to the fact that his shoes were much bigger than his head, and she looking as grave as a judge at nothing. Each had one hand on a chair that was between them—one of those wonderful chairs that you see nowhere but in photography; I should not like to have had to sit in it, but it seemed much more at ease than anything else in the picture, the background of which was made up of a balustrade nearly as high as the heads of the figures, the pedestal and lower portion of a fluted column, and a heavy curtain, which allowed the eye to escape beyond it to a faintly expressed landscape of mountain and wood.

"My dear fellow," said Gerald, laughing, "this is too bad."

"No, no," said Jack, "the dear old lady will value it. I'll get a vignette done soon, and send it to her. Tell her it isn't half so beautiful as the original."

"I should think not," said Gerald. "Anything to be said to the Wychwoods?"

"Kindest regards to all who ask after me," said Jack. "But perhaps you'd better wait till they do ask. God bless you! I'm sorry I've made you so late."

This Mrs. Tuckett, I should say, had been Jack's nurse, and was now an upper servant, rather on the retired list, in the household at Shotterton Vicarage. Master John was the one person in the world she loved the most, and he returned her affection cordially. He never went or sent to the Vicarage without remembering her.

Jack Wilton now turned his steps to his own home. Margaret had been sitting at the window under the fern-basket, a book on her lap, and some unopened letters for her husband by her side, which had come in by an early day mail since he had gone out with Gerald Merton. The work of the Embankment was going on, and she sat wondering at the iron cylinders, the rattling chains, and the puffing engines, and the quiet activity of the workmen, and her eyes passed again and again from the blocks of granite on to the river beyond, bright in the sun, and crisp in the breeze, with its crowded steamers, slow, dreamy barges, and floating rafts of timber, and the chaotic mass of dingy buildings on the other side. She had never lived in a city, and had not often seen one before, and every day brought some fresh interest and wonder to her mind, which was full of hope and happiness. She thought little of the future, and the sorrows of the past, though not forgotten, were softened and soothed by the calm joy of her love. She had not a doubt that Jack would get on and become famous, and she had little idea of his needing assistance from his uncle, even if Mr. North should be angry with him for her sake. But she did not think any one could be angry with him or hard upon him. The great desire of her heart was to see him a Catholic, and the having such a boon to pray for gave a new force to her life.

She was nearly twenty-one, but she seemed to herself ten years older since her last birthday. She had been a child, and was now a woman. She did not, perhaps, spend more time in prayer than before, but she prayed with more reality and more confidence. She was determined to win the grace to be a good wife, and to lead her husband into the true fold. Jack towered above her in intellect, information, cleverness, and every natural gift; she never spoke of anything that she had thought much about without finding out that Jack had thought of it before, and had got an answer or an inference ready which was new to her. She was not unfitted to be the companion of an intellectual man, though she had not read much, and had had the care of her father's household for three years since her return from school. But great as she thought her husband in intelligence and knowledge, she had not the slightest misgiving that he would be conquered to the faith, and she was never afraid of answering his questions about religion. She hoped to get him to go to Mass with her some day, and then with him to pray for, and even praying by her side, she had no fear at all about the future.

As the morning wore on, Margaret gave up waiting at the

window, and yet did not settle herself to her ordinary occupation. Her mind was full of something about which she wished to speak to her husband. So she took to what had become a favourite employment for her spare moments, when Jack was out, since she had come to his rooms in London. She poked about among his books, as if each one that she took down from the well-filled shelves told her something more of his mind or of his history. The gilded leaving-books, where there was certainly more in the cover than in the contents, with the inscription, "John Wilton, from his sincere friend — on his leaving Eton," whetted her curiosity. Who were all these affectionate schoolfellows, who had showed their high appreciation of Jack's comprehensive mind by presenting him with so motley a collection of travels, and memoirs, and collections of speeches and letters? Jack had never told her that he had a taste for exploration and adventure, but what if it should turn out that he took a great interest in Ava, or Burmah, or the interior of Africa, or the North Pole itself? However, there were some beautiful editions of the English poets, and these at least she knew he could appreciate, and oh, delight of delights! there were volumes marked in pencil, so that she could pick out his favourite passages without his knowing it; or she paused, somewhat perplexed, before a long shelf or two of blue books—not blue books in the Parliamentary sense of the word, but Anglo-Catholic Libraries and translations from the Fathers which hardly attracted her; nor, to say the truth, as to the former at least, Jack either—for to her satisfaction, on taking down two or three volumes, she found them uncut. Then she would go and muse over a picture which had become a favourite study with her—the "Bird's-eye View of Oxford," and she had already found out the particular block of buildings which represented the College where Jack had been a student. There were the windows of his rooms. He had promised her in the course of the summer to take her down to see it quietly, at the time when, as he knew well enough, Oxford is in some respects to be seen at its best, at least by those who love it in memory rather than from present connection with it; when the gardens are as neat and bright as ever, and the chapels as solemn, and the cloisters as cool and quiet, and the libraries as fragrant of antiquity and study, and the lights in the sky, on tree, and grove, and tower, and quadrangle, as beautiful and soft, but when the busy, boisterous, rollicking tide of modern University life is absent, in the depth of the long vacation. This was one of Margaret's most pleasant dreams, for Jack had told her many a story of Oxford life in those happy days in the

late autumn when she had first known him, and had talked of them far more than of family and home.

Then, again, she would turn to his book of photographs, and see whether she knew, without looking at the names, who the friends were who were represented in every conceivable free and easy attitude—some with bats, others with oars, others looking up from books—but most of them, somehow, whether cricketers, or oarsmen, or students, pursuing their avocations or amusements under the shelter of fluted columns and curtains, just like those already mentioned above. There was a part of the book, too, full of Shotterton faces. She knew well already Charles North and his brother John, with his bevy of daughters, Jack's first cousins. Then there were the Amyots, an intensely spruce and well-padded old gentleman with a kindly smile, a portly grey-haired dame, two well-grown youths in hunting and shooting costumes, and two beautiful girls. There was old Mr. Wychwood, Gerald's great friend, to whose house he was on his way, a quiet gentle-looking English clergyman, and, as a companion picture to him, another which contained two figures, a slight slim lady of more than middle age, with large dark eyes, finely-drawn features, and a look of great sweetness, and on a stool at her feet, half kneeling and half sitting, a fair-haired girl, with an oval face and a transparently white complexion. Under this picture was written the names Bertha and Amy Wychwood. Somehow Margaret had already felt a peculiar interest in this group, which looked as if the figures were not put into attitudes, but had been caught in a moment of their ordinary life, and she had taken up the idea that some day she would be a great friend of Alice and her aunt. Mr. Merton, too, whom she had just been able to compare with his oft-studied photograph, might soon be speaking to them of her. She was wondering how soon she should begin to know them, when Jack entered, and caught her turning over his book.

"Well, Madge, you've won another heart. Gerald is devoted to you."

"All for your sake, John." She always called him John, that she might have a name for him to herself, for no one else did, except his uncle.

"Why, you've got some letters for me. Why, Margaret, there is my uncle's hand."

He tore open the letter, while she nestled her head on his shoulder to read it. There was not much to read. Jack started at the date. His uncle was at Welborough, the town in which

was placed the convent where his sister-in-law, Cecilia Amyot, was Prioress. The note was as follows :—

MY DEAR JOHN,—You will hardly have wondered much at my silence as to your last letter. I saw at once that it would be of no use for me to attempt to stop you in your resolution to marry Miss Burke. It pained me very much, but I could not write. Now I can only say that I must wait before I can settle anything more. I shall remain here till Saturday or Monday next, and go back to Shotterton through London. I shall sleep, as usual, at Felton's, and you can come to see me there. The Prioress sends you her kindest wishes. God bless you and yours.—Your affectionate uncle,
CHARLES NORTH.

"Humph! Well he says you and yours, that's a message to you, Madge. Well, I am glad he is coming to town. I would rather he saw you here first. It will soon be right now, darling. Where will you go to-day? Would you like some pictures, or what?"

Then Margaret at last found time to tell her tale about the two Irish boys in whom she was interested. But I must tell their whole story rather more at length in the following chapter.

Dr. Newman's Essay in aid of a Grammar of Assent.

A THOUGHTFUL writer in the *Spectator* closes a well-digested review of Dr. Newman's Essay by a sentence, which I shall adopt as my own in the present article. He says, "The work of a really great man may fairly be allowed, for some time at least, to speak for itself, before smaller men begin to praise or censure."* It is, however, much easier to abstain from the latter than the former; and I produce, as my proof, the reviewer whose words I have quoted, who cannot conceal throughout the admiration with which the Essay has inspired him. If then the present writer should during the course of his remarks transgress the rule which he has laid down for himself, the illustrious author must excuse a freedom, which personal feeling no less than the intrinsic merits of a work—perhaps the most valuable which has issued from Dr. Newman's pen—will, he is convinced, fully justify.

It is not my intention to give a *résumé* of the *Grammar of Assent*. For the article, to which I have referred, leaves nothing to desire on this head; and it is besides better to leave the reader, by careful study of the Essay, to form a synopsis for himself, than to foster mental indolence by doing for him what he can do better and more profitably by his own effort. There are, however, two points about Dr. Newman's work, to which it may be useful to refer at some length.

It is the normal attribute of genius to be apothegmatic in its enunciations. One reason of this is, I do not doubt, that men of great mental power have real and vivid intuition of truths peculiar to themselves, and the enunciation of their thought is proportionately real and vivid, and therefore short and simple. But this simplicity is for the many, who have not eyes to see, obscurity. They catch at a phrase, and are blind to the context or general drift. The natural consequence is, that they first misunderstand, and then, without any great fault perhaps of their own, misrepresent what they are unable to conceive, or at least

* *Spectator*, April 2.

to comprehend in all its bearings. Great and original authors cannot be measured by a sentence. They must be studied; their intellectual and moral idiosyncrasy taken into account; the general drift and relative bearings of their subject appreciated; their present aim fully recognised; and their style made thoroughly familiar. To criticise such men at all is an unenviable task; but to criticise them, unprovided with these preliminary requisites, is sheer presumption. The shallow-minded and self-sufficient however would rather be guilty of presumption, than own their incompetence to decide upon what is above their mental reach. No men are, in consequence, so subject to the shafts of unworthy criticism as those who exhibit the greatest originality of genius. Envy does much, but the misconceptions of incapacity do more. It is then a public benefit, independent of the direct value of their labours, when in such cases these authors afford us a clearer insight into their tone of thought and unity of aim by fresh contributions to the literature of their age.

That Dr. Newman is remarkable for profusion of apothegms, which glitter like gems in all he writes, no one can deny who has studied his numerous publications with ordinary care. And I imagine that Mr. Kingsley must have had them in his eye when he wrote—"I knew that men used to suspect Dr. Newman—I have been inclined to do so myself—of writing a whole sermon . . . for the sake of one single passing hint, one phrase, one epithet, one little barbed arrow, which he delivered indeed, as with his finger-tip, to the very heart of an initiated hearer, never to be withdrawn again." I quote this passage the rather, because it affords a happy illustration of what I have already said. The present volume abounds in them. For instance, "It is the mind that reasons and assents, not a diagram on paper" (p. 173). "His (*i.e.*, man's) progress is a living growth, not a mechanism; and its instruments are living acts, not the formulas and contrivances of language" (p. 343). "I am as little able to think by any mind but my own, as to breathe with another's lungs" (p. 385). "The fear of error is simply necessary to the genuine love of truth. No inquiry comes to good, which is not conducted under a deep sense of responsibility, and of the issues depending upon its determination" (p. 421). Again, on the subject of reflex consciousness, he writes, "The mind is like a double mirror, in which reflections of self within self multiply themselves till they are undistinguished, and the first reflection contains all the rest" (p. 188). Again on another subject—"The firmest hold of theological truths is gained by habits of personal religion" (p. 113).

Again—"There may be beliefs so sacred and so delicate, that, if I may use the metaphor, they will not wash without shrinking and losing colour" (p. 185). "Those who are certain of a fact are indolent disputants" (p. 149). "To meddle with the springs of thought and action is really to weaken them" (p. 209). "We are in a world of facts, and we use them; for there is nothing else to use" (p. 339). "It is his (man's) gift to be the creator of his own sufficiency, and to be emphatically self-made" (p. 342). "Objections and difficulties tell upon the mind; it may lose its elasticity, and be unable to throw them off" (p. 210). "The conclusions of one generation are the truths of the next" (p. 222). Or again—"Wherever religion exists in a popular shape, it has almost invariably worn its dark side outwards" (p. 387). "While Christianity was the heir to a dead religion, Mahometanism was little better than a rebellion against a living one" (p. 435). So once more—"As prayer is the voice of man to God, so Revelation is the voice of God to man" (p. 399). "Where conscience is, fear must be" (p. 421). And lastly—"Can we possibly make Shakespeare light reading, especially in this day of cheap novels, by ever so much correction of his text?" (p. 266). I will conclude my list with one of those remarkable passages, in which Dr. Newman's meaning is dangerously obscure, when taken by itself, and not collated with other restrictive and explanatory sentences, by reason of its brevity, and what I may perhaps be allowed to call, its incisiveness. "We have a direct and conscious knowledge of our Master, His attributes, His providences, acts, works, and will; and beyond this knowledge lies the large domain of *theology*, metaphysics, and ethics, on which it is not allowed to us to advance beyond probabilities, or to attain to more than an opinion" (p. 232).* If the orthodoxy of the reader should take an alarm at the first look of this sentence, he has but to retrace his steps to the section on "Belief in *Dogmatic Theology*," and he will find it described there as a science, as "the exercise of the intellect upon the *credenda* of revelation," and he will be told that its legitimate deductions form in one sense "a portion of the *depositum* of faith or *credenda*."

I cannot help thinking then that over and above the direct value of the *Grammar of Assent*, of which I shall have to speak presently, its publication will be of immense service to many in giving the key to much which has either been misunderstood or has not been allowed a just place in the unity of Dr. Newman's writings; and what is more generally important to us all, in

* The italics are my own.

affording a nearer and deeper insight into the *adytum* of the author himself. The *Apologia*, interesting as it is, abounds in the omissions of a delicate reticence. We are provoked at not being able to supply the missing passages: All Dr. Newman's works are to my mind strikingly subjective; but this the latest, and perhaps the greatest, is so in an eminent degree. We cannot help feeling from first to last that the words are a living voice, and the Essay is the author revealing himself to those who wish to know him. I feel that I am treading here on somewhat delicate ground, but I trust that I shall not forget the reserve which is due to one who is yet living among us.

If there be one thing which Dr. Newman insists upon throughout the present Essay, it is the importance, in an intellectual as well as moral point of view, of *real* assents. Such assents suppose a power of realising the subject-matter, making it one's own by a combined act of the intellect, imagination, and in ethical and religious questions, of the will. This faculty is conspicuous in the author himself. The description of the locust-plague in *Callista*, of the steppes of Tartary and the character of its hordes in the lecture on the History of the Turks, of a condemned soul before the judgment-seat in "Sermons to Mixed Congregations," and in another way the acutely painful peroration of the last sermon which Dr. Newman preached in the English Establishment, and which they who heard are never likely to forget, are instances of what I mean which at once suggest themselves. The author alludes to one phase of this energy of realisation in an illustration which I quote because of its personal bearings. "Thus I may never have seen a palm or banana, but I have conversed with those who have, or I have read graphic accounts of it, and from my own previous knowledge of other trees, have been able with so ready an intelligence to interpret their language, and to light up such an image of it in my thoughts that, were it not that I never was in the countries where the tree is found, I should fancy that I had actually seen it" (p. 25). And again, in an altogether different region of thought—"I am in a foreign country among unfamiliar sights; at will I am able to conjure up before me the vision of my home, and all that belongs to it, its rooms and their furniture, its books, its inmates, their countenances, looks, and movements. I see those who once were there, and are no more; past scenes, and the very expression of the features, and the tones of the voice of those who took part in them, in a time of trial or difficulty" (pp. 21, 22).

When this gift of realisation is exercised upon the highest

possible object of thought, it is then that it becomes most important in its bearings and most precious to its owner. Supernaturalised by grace, it leavens the whole life, and gives a reality to the unseen, of which what is seen and temporal can never hope to share. It is to this that Dr. Newman refers when he says, "No one could possibly confuse the real assent of a Christian to the fact of our Lord's crucifixion, with the notional acceptance of it as a point of history on the part of a philosophical heathen" (p. 36). And again, "To the devout and spiritual, the Divine Word speaks of things, not merely of notions. . . . Hence the practice of meditation on the Sacred Text, so highly thought of by Catholics. Reading, as we do, the Gospels from our youth up, we are in danger of becoming so familiar with them as to be dead to their force and to view them as a mere history" (p. 76). Here Dr. Newman has touched upon a sore place in the popular religion of this country. It has, till very lately at all events, devoted itself to an unintermitted reading of the Bible; and we may believe that such devotion has not been without fruit of some sort, at least in the case of many. But then has it not been for the majority a mere piece of formalism? Have they realised, that is, really understood what they thus read? I think I have strict reason for saying that they have not. And I am confirmed in this belief by the judgment they form of Catholic ritual and teaching. Why is it that so many are offended at our Christmas crib, the candles of the Purification, the veiled images and pictures in Passion-tide, the washing of the feet on Maundy Thursday, the wild grief which finds expression in the Mass of the Presanctified on Good Friday, and the distribution of palms on the Sunday in Holy Week, or at the best consider them as a mere pageantry of ritual? How often is it not objected to our invocation of the Saints that we are worshipping dead men who cannot hear us! And surely much of the Protestant repugnance to the devotion offered by Catholics to our Lady is due to what Dr. Newman calls a mere "notional assent" to the doctrine of the Incarnation; an assent not to the actual fact of a God-Man born some eighteen hundred years ago into this world, and living still in His double nature about and within us, but to a religious sentiment, or at the best to a Person of the obscure past, Whose Godhead is for them lost in the obscurity of a vague persuasion. The idea of really living for Him, in Him, with Him, through all the years of their life, of loving representations of Him, of periodically repeating a symbolical action of His because it was His, and reminds us of Him, of saying a prayer over and over again.

because He taught it, of having a hearty zeal and veneration for the Holy Land because He lived and died there, and for its many sacred spots and shrines because they are haunted by sweet memorials of Him; of treasuring above gold or precious stones a portion of His Cross on which He died, seems too often, even to serious-minded persons outside the Church, as sheer fanaticism or worse. Even if they could be convinced by undoubted documents of history that the seamless robe of Christ was preserved at Treves, I feel certain that they would shrink from a pilgrimage which would make of their Incarnate God a reality so formidably present.

Dr. Newman abounds in this gift of realising the unseen and spiritual. It was one great cause of the power that his sermons had over those who heard them. And it only requires a serious perusal of his chapters on religious assents and on religious inferences to convince ourselves of the fact that this gift remains with him in undiminished vigour.

And this irresistible tendency of his thoughts supplies us with a key to a peculiarity in his controversial writings. He seems to flee with dislike from abstract and scientific conclusions, and dwells instead on what appeals to the concrete facts as interpreted to us by individual conviction and individual feeling. Thus, for instance, when he is confronted with the interminable question of Anglican Orders, he casts on one side doubtful Lambeth registers, and other satisfactory or unsatisfactory documents of whatever kind, arguments of probability or improbability, theological questions about form or intention, with unconcealed distaste, but in their place he summons up a young parson, fresh from the University, with all his belongings—a real thing of flesh and blood, typical of his class as a whole, acting his part in the drama of life—with his domestic ties about him, and his refined respectability, and his actual *status* in the parish, and the concrete ideas of him entertained by squire, farmer, peasant, and he confesses, with the real living character in his eye, that for himself he cannot see the faintest germs of a Priest in his whole composition. So, again, to take another instance. The course of controversy forces on his notice the difficult and intricate subject of equivocation. It is true that he quotes Protestant authorities of great name in favour of it under certain circumstances, and Catholic authorities of less name against it. But he is only clearing his ground, and using at the outset a sort of *argumentum ad hominem* for the sake of putting a bridle on the neck of anti-Catholic prejudice. When he comes to

the resolution of the question, he avoids all consideration of the matter in the abstract, and refuses to give a merely theological decision; but, in place of it, he takes the actual contingencies of life, and tells us what he, Dr. Newman of the Oratory, would do under the circumstances.

He confesses to this characteristic of his writings in a remarkable passage of his present work. He says—"In these provinces of inquiry ('Evidences of Religion, Metaphysics, or Ethics'), egotism is true modesty. In religious inquiry each of us can speak only for himself, and for himself he has a right to speak. His own experiences are enough for himself, but he cannot speak for others; he cannot lay down the law; he can only bring his own experiences to the common stock of psychological facts" (p. 380).

This gift of realising and making his own individually, and setting forth as his own the truths which have grown up within him, is not confined to these. I suppose it will be acknowledged by common consent that no one has possessed in a higher degree the power of throwing himself for the time being into the intellectual difficulties of others, of giving them due weight, and of realising their position with a keenness which is simply marvellous. It has been repeatedly remarked that he can develop the arguments of his opponents with a force, clearness, and precision which they could never hope to do themselves. And with a large-mindedness, which has manifested itself since the commencement of his great literary career, he measures the *status* of those who differ from him by their own standard. As he says—"We cannot speak for others; we cannot lay down the law." He illustrates this method of proceeding by a very apposite example, while admitting and classing it among the intellectual gifts of our nature. These are his words—"It (the illative sense) is a capacity of entering with instinctive correctness into principles, doctrines, and facts, *whether they be true or false*, and of discerning promptly what conclusion from them is necessary, suitable, and expedient, if they are taken for granted. . . . Thus, when Laud said that he did not see his way to come to terms with the Holy See till Rome was 'other than she is,' no Catholic could admit his sentiment; but any Catholic might understand that it was just the judgment consistent with Laud's actual condition of thought and cast of opinion, and that any other judgment would have argued a defect in his capacity for judging. This intimate understanding of an assemblage of intellectual data, of our position of mind towards particular questions, and of the relations of our

own position towards any other conceivable stand-points, is the first and last of the faculty or talent which I call the ratiocinative or illative sense." It seems to me that in this faculty, if such it be, there is as much of a moral as of an intellectual element. But, whatever be the case, it is a great instrument in the service of truth. Men do not like to have their pet convictions dictatorially put down, or openly laughed at; and they are justly indignant if, in the course of controversy, no account is made of their own intellectual ground, but they themselves are carried by force into the enemy's camp, in order to make fun for the privates. But what drives them like rats into a corner of defiance is to be forced to silence by the exhibition of an authority whose claims they have never admitted. Yet such has been too often the course of controversy, especially (where it is most to be deprecated) within the sphere of religion and theology. Dogmatism is always unprepossessing, unless when clothed with a divine sanction. But when it vests its own little rostrum with an assumed infallibility, and would fain appear as God's one chosen privy-councillor, the sooner we bury it out of sight the better for ourselves and for others. This is the peculiar danger of schools of opinion and of religious parties, more particularly, of course, though not exclusively, such as are external to the Church. For the dogmatism does not obtrude itself so much, as a general rule, in the teaching of the leader, as in the unreal repetitions of their disciples. To use the words of Dr. Newman—"Many a disciple of a philosophical school, who talks fluently, does but assert when he seems to assent to the *dicta* of his master, little as he may be aware of it. . . . This practice of asserting simply on authority, with the pretence and without the reality of assent, is what we mean by formalism. . . . What I here speak of is professing to understand without understanding. It is thus that political and religious watchwords are created; first one man of name and then another adopts them, till their use becomes popular, and then every one professes them, because every one else does" (p. 41). Hence arises a baneful crop of narrow-minded prejudices, of unmeaning cant, and of despicable shams. And in the midst of this wilderness of unwholesome weeds the bitterness of party spirit grows in proportion to the decrease of real apprehension. The genuine stores of practical knowledge are to be found with the few, especially in ethical and religious questions. They are our real leaders, if we need direction, not mere shallow partisans. And Dr. Newman is constantly bringing this truth before his readers. He sets a high value on the authority of the wise and

good. Thus he says—"We judge for ourselves, by our own lights, and on our own principles, and our criterion of truth is not so much the manifestation of propositions as the intellectual and moral character of the person maintaining them, and the ultimate silent effect of his arguments or conclusions upon our minds" (p. 295). So again more explicitly—"Instead of trusting logical science we must trust persons, namely, those who by long acquaintance with a subject have a right to judge" (p. 335). And once more—"To learn his own duty in his own case, each individual must have recourse to his own rule; and if his rule is not sufficiently developed in his intellect for his need, then he goes to some other living, present authority, to supply it for him, not to the dead letter of a treatise or a code. A living, present authority, himself or another, is his immediate guide in matters of a personal, social, or political character" (p. 349). This is practically most true. I imagine that there must be few who have not experienced it in their own individual growth. All truths indeed, but most especially such as lie within the spheres indicated by Dr. Newman, come home to us, and attract our "real assent," when they are presented before us with the powerful sanction of high intellectual, moral, and religious eminence. It is this which exerts so magical an influence over the minds of those who are waiting for the seed of truth to be sown in their hearts, and gives them such solid confidence in the teaching which they receive. For they know that such as they have what Aristotle calls the ὄμμα τῆς ἐμπειρίας, the eye of experience. No clouds of prejudice or passion arise to obscure the clearness of their spiritual vision; and they have seen first themselves, and traversed too, the road they point out to others. Dr. Newman has in his *Apologia* afforded us glimpses of such influence on his own convictions; and I need only add that what he received himself, he has for many years abundantly conferred on others. This is already known by many; it will be more generally appreciated when the events of this generation shall have taken their place in the records of history.

Dr. Newman has not only startled Mr. Kingsley, but many others, by his teaching on the subject of "economies." He had already explained his meaning in the *Apologia*. But much additional light is thrown on the subject by a sentence in his present work, where he says—"In science we sometimes use a definition or a *formula*, not as exact, but as being sufficient for our purpose, for working out certain conclusions, for a practical approximation, the error being small, till a certain point is

reached. This is what in theological investigations I should call an economy" (p. 45).

There are a few more extracts which I should like to make from this *Essay in aid of a Grammar of Assent*. They have a special value to my mind in enabling the reader to know something more about the writer. Their bearing, however, is so delicate, on a subject so delicate and personal, where to say what one thinks would give pain to one to whom I should least like to do so, that I will abstain from comment, leaving them to make their own impression on the reader. I shall content myself with grouping them.

"I suppose most men will recollect in their past years how many mistakes they have made about persons, particularly local occurrences, nations, and the like, of which at the time they had no actual knowledge of their own; how ashamed or how amused they have since been at their own gratuitous idealism, when they came into possession of the real facts concerning them" (p. 30).

"In like manner, I may take a just view of a man's conduct, and therefore apprehend it, and yet may profess that I cannot understand it; that is, I have not the key to it, and do not see its consistency in detail: I have no just conception of it" (p. 18).

"On few subjects only have any of us the opportunity of realising in our own minds what we speak and hear about; and we fancy that we are doing justice to individual men and things by making them a mere *synthesis* of qualities" (p. 31).

"My vague consciousness of the possibility of a reversal of my belief by the course of my researches, as little interferes with the honesty and firmness of that belief while those researches proceed, as the recognition of the possibility of my train's oversetting is an evidence of an intention on my part of undergoing so great a calamity" (p. 186).

Let the reader compare this passage with another in the *Apologia* (p. 207. First edition), and bear in mind Dr. Newman's doctrine about "real assents," and the prominent place he gives in them to moral preparation and influences. I think he will learn much from the quotation.

"We may have a sense of the presence of a supreme Being, which never has been dimmed by even a passing shadow, which has inhabited us ever since we can recollect anything, and which we cannot imagine our losing" (p. 171).

I have now arrived at the conclusion of what I had to say on Dr. Newman's book in that particular point of view which I wished to set before the reader. The limits allowed me would

not now allow of my extending the examination further. But I hope that I have set those who may be interested in this particular view of the great work in question on the right track. The same reason which has hampered me here, will also prevent me from doing justice, as I had intended, to another point, in which the *Grammar of Assent* is specially valuable. I mean, its bearings on the sceptical spirit of our day. Here its importance can scarcely be overrated. It is not, of course, intended to affect that pitiable crowd of sciolists, who, without a thought of responsibility or of the momentous interests involved in the question, take up infidel opinions because they are odd, or original, or out of the common way, or because they interfere least with material success and animal enjoyment. These have not even initially the preparation of heart, that spirit of earnest and reverent inquiry which Dr. Newman desires to see in those for whom he is writing. But for others, who have been driven from their moorings by the number and gravity of our religious differences, and have been shaken perhaps by the sceptical philosophy which is now in vogue among us, but are still seriously anxious about the justice of their convictions and the attainment of truth, the present work will, I am confident, afford help of no ordinary kind towards a syntax of religious assent. I must briefly refer to one or two subjects of more than usual importance. Among these I place the answer to Gibbon's explanation of the growth of Christianity from the Apostolic times. The historian has given five causes of this growth: Dr. Newman triumphantly disposes of them by two objections, which seem to undermine the whole foundation. For, first of all, he remarks that Gibbon has not accounted at all for the *combination* of these causes, their actual coincidence in the history of Christianity. He shows, moreover, that these alleged causes had an undoubted influence on those who were already numbered among the Faithful, but, if anything, would have naturally deterred those who were regarding the new religion from without. The four most important chapters in the book, as it seems to me, are those on religious assents and religious inferences. And I could have wished that the last chapter, long as it is relatively to the rest of the contents, had been double or treble the length. There is one subject in these chapters which Dr. Newman treats at great length, and which he has touched upon elsewhere. Nor is it the first time that he has brought it before our notice. I allude to what may be called the positive side of all religions, even the most degraded. It was a *dictum* of Leibnitz that most religions are true in what they

affirm, and false only in what they deny. Nor can I reject the hope that there were souls in the worst of pagan times who lived upon the few truths which lay hidden beneath a mass of falsehood and corruption. Dr. Newman evidently suggests as much. These were the earnest inquirers, who, like the fowl, assiduously picked out the grains which were to be found in the ordure set before them; and rejected the rest as abhorrent alike to their reason and their conscience. What is probably true of certain heathen, may be more certainly predicated of the Christian sects which surround us. And it is because we Catholics are too apt to forget or ignore this positive side of all such erroneous systems, that we sometimes form harsh judgments, and can only account for persistence of adhesion to them by attributing it to bad faith or moral obliquity. I hope and believe that such an estimate is neither adequate nor generous. And it tends to give a harshness and severity of tone on these subjects, which hinders that great result which we are all so anxious to promote.

I can only call attention to a few other passages, which claim special attention, leaving them in the hands of the reader. There is a powerful and conclusive answer to the objection that we cannot be certain of the infallibility of the Church without being first infallible ourselves, at p. 218. There is a like answer to the objection that Catholicism is one only out of many religions, and that the Church cannot claim a special certitude for her teaching, at p. 234. Another remarkable passage at p. 240 contains an answer to the objection that the fact of changes of religion, and especially of the relapse of those who were once apparently converts to the Church, is an argument against the indefectible certitude of religious convictions. Dr. Newman points out with admirable force that, as regards changes of religion, the subject of such changes may never have given up one single primitive assent, but developed it into ulterior assents, which could only find a home elsewhere; while apostasies can be traced up to a fundamental defect in the original motives of conversion.

But it is time that I should close. In this my first notice I have attempted, though very feebly, to do justice to the great work which Dr. Newman has given to the public. We all owe him a debt of gratitude for this fresh aid towards the triumph of truth in the minds of those of our countrymen for whom we are most anxious. I have taken the reader round the stately edifice; and pointed out beauties of architecture here and there which have told most upon myself. But I cannot conceal from the reader that I have considerable difficulties about the logical and

philosophical scaffolding; and I hope in a future number to present them to the readers of the MONTH, with that respect and diffidence which is due to him who has erected it, and with that liberty which the supreme interests of truth demand from all.

T. H.

The Nun's Ring.

[*The Motto on the Ring was "Soli Deo."*]

Tho' gold and diamonds blaze,
Around gay pleasure's throne,
The soul seeks brighter rays
That seeks for God alone.

Tho' friends forget to love,
And persecute their own,
The soul can soar above,
And rest in God alone.

Cast on the desert wild,
Unpitied or unknown,
The spirit undefiled
Enjoys her God alone.

And at the close of life
God hears her secret moan,
When in her mortal strife
She sighs for God alone.

Then flattering world, farewell !
Thy friendship I disown ;
Far from thy scenes I'll dwell,
And live for God alone.

This mystic ring I'll wear,
Which Christ my Spouse put on :
His sacred voice I'll hear,
And live for Him alone.

Thoughts on Infallibility.

I.—PRESENT ASPECT OF THE QUESTION OF DEFINITION.

THE importance of the caution earnestly given at the outset of the Vatican Council by so many well-informed persons, against over credulity in the reports of its proceedings and of the movements which might more or less agitate its members, must now be universally acknowledged. The solemnities of Holy Week and Easter naturally mark off an epoch in its deliberations, and even the Catholic public knows as yet very imperfectly in what those deliberations have hitherto issued. As for the Protestant world, it is not usually worth while to speak of the sort of garbage which it has been feeding on under the name of "Intelligence from Rome." Leading English newspapers, in particular, have outdone themselves in absurdities. It is ordinarily their custom to keep at the great European capitals, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and the rest, men who know at least a little of the countries in which they reside, and who take real pains to place themselves in the way of true and valuable information. At Rome their custom is quite of another kind. There they send men who are to see what it is desired in London that they should see, and hear exactly what will suit the Protestant public in England. We say it with full deliberation, that with the exception of the correct chronicling of a few ordinary incidents of no special importance, and an occasional description of some scene which requires an eye-witness, there would be exactly as much truth as there is in the ordinary Roman correspondence of several leading London journals if that correspondence were written in London and not in Rome. The utter contempt which the idea of seeking, in the first place and above everything, for *truth* about Rome seems to receive at the hands of many irresponsible rulers of the

press, is a very significant measure of the exceedingly small effect which has as yet been produced on the dull, massive, savage prejudice of our countrymen as to Catholic matters, just as the success of a persecuting motion like that carried by Mr. Newdegate is another. The practised observers of the public mind who preside over the conduct of our principal journals are not often far wrong in their estimate of the feelings of their countrymen, Whether it be that they see a reaction setting in after the great effort at fairness in which all classes of the community shared last year as to the Protestant Establishment in Ireland—a reaction all the more natural on account of the as yet scanty results of the great measure lately passed—or that they have had the sagacity to discover that the “British lion” of intolerance has never really been more than asleep for a time, and is about to lash his sides and roar once more as of old, these skilful managers have certainly, in too many cases, sent men to represent them at Rome, and to represent Rome to their readers, whose bigotry and ignorance would do honour to the days of the Georges.

It is for this reason that we think it worth while to point to the reckless and vulgar absurdities which have passed current in England and elsewhere as “Correspondence about the Council” as a sign which should be noted by all those who are anxious to understand the real attitude of the dominant classes in this country towards Catholicism, an attitude which we have more than once mistaken to our cost. A number of conspicuous conversions, a great approach to fair dealing with Catholics on points of administration on the part of the Government, even great measures such as that which has at last freed Ireland from the standing insult of the Protestant Establishment, and a large advance in sentiments of toleration in the more educated ranks of the community—signs such as these indicate a great improvement in the condition and prospects of Catholicism among us, but they may be mistaken, by those who do not thoroughly know England, for something more than they are really worth. It is not our business at present to enter on this subject, but although we cannot help

considering the great interest apparently excited among all classes by the meeting of the Council as a witness to the vast importance of that assembly, we must on the other hand admit that the manner in which news concerning it has been supplied and received in the country is a sad evidence of the deep and unreasoning hostility which any unusual activity or manifestation of living power on the part of the Church is regarded among us. And those who have much to do with souls, or with the poorer classes of Catholics, know well how much perplexity is occasioned to the former by the influence of current misrepresentations, and how anything that draws angry attention to Rome is felt by the increased pressure of social persecution on the latter — on labourers discarded or refused, on servants unable to find places, or subjected to petty annoyances, on the poor governess and the helpless convert, we may almost say in every factory and workshop and house of business and Union and hospital in the kingdom.

Though so little is known of the actual results of the great Council of the Church as to make it hardly worth while as yet to count them up, one fact, connected not so much as yet with its proceedings as with the opinions and desires of its members, has forced itself into publicity and on the notice of all. When a writer in these pages, on the eve of the opening of the Council, tried to sum up the subjects which would have to be discussed, he could find neither in the Bull of Indiction, where the subjects intended for proposal by the Pope were summarily enumerated, nor in any certain pronouncement of persons entitled to speak on such matters, any intimation that the certain and ancient doctrine of the Infallibility of the Successor of St. Peter would be proposed for formal definition. It was not mentioned by Pius IX., and although it is of course possible that the initiative on such a point may have been left to others, there was certainly reason for thinking that this portion of Catholic truth had not been selected by those who were engaged in preparing at Rome the matters on which the Council was to be asked to deliberate as one of those matters. Cries had been raised for and against it here and there, and one or two Prelates of a certain distinction

had written on the subject. The best proof that we can give of the truth of what we are now stating is that an English Bishop, almost the oldest of our hierarchy, and certainly second to none in learning, prudence, or Catholic instinct, in his Pastoral Letter which he issued to his flock on the very subject of the deliberations of the Council, made no mention at all of the subject of which we are speaking. No doubt expectations of an imminent discussion as to the dogma had been expressed both by those who were hostile to its definition and those who looked to it as one of the great benefits to be hoped for from the assembling of the Bishops of the Catholic world, but nothing could be conjectured with any certainty as to the matter, and, as far as inferences could be formed from the utterances of those in authority at Rome or in communication with them, the definition did not form part of the "programme" of the Council. Moreover, it was known that the number of questions as to which preparations were being made was very great, that the momentous and difficult character of the subjects to be discussed—from the false tenets of modern philosophy and the questions relating to the Church in her relation to society, to the rearrangement of internal discipline, the canon law, and the like—would necessitate long and very deliberate consideration, while, on the other hand, it was confidently hoped that the great mass of the business in hand, at all events, might be got through before the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul of the present year. These facts seemed to justify the inference that the formal definition of Papal Infallibility had not been one of the objects for which the Vatican Council had been convened by the Holy Father.

Four months have rolled away, and the whole air is resounding with this very subject. It is known that the Council will not forbear to touch on matters which might have been expected to be in themselves more vitally interesting to modern society at large, from the very reason that on those matters the opposition between the Church and the world has become of late most sharp, definite, and irreconcilable. No declaration as to the inerrancy of the Successor of St. Peter can possibly touch

to the quick the wounds of modern society and the dominant philosophies outside the Church so much as the condemnation of the errors already branded by the famous Encyclical and Syllabus of 1864. Yet the world, at least on the surface, seems to be less agitated at the prospect doctrine of the Encyclical than by that of the definition of the solemn affirmation by an Œcumenical Council of the of Papal Infallibility. Every one knows how this latter question has risen into prominence since the meeting of the Council. It is known that a large majority of the Fathers are favourable to the definition, while it is said to be opposed by a minority in the Council itself, at least on the ground of inopportuneness, and opinions on both sides have been freely expressed by conspicuous men in several European countries. We are now concerned only with the fact, and our opinion and wishes on the subject have long ago been sufficiently expressed for all who care to know them. Thoughtful and dispassionate people will naturally ask themselves how this fact has come about; whether it is a matter of alarm or of congratulation; whether the movement is the work of God, or of human passion; "Is it from Heaven, or of men?"

Yet surely, to ask the question, is to answer it. We must confess that, putting aside for the moment all preconceived opinions as to the specific point in question, and on the other, discarding all considerations, which from their very nature must be uncertain, even in the wisest minds, as to the possible results to the Church or society of this particular definition, we cannot see how any fears can be legitimately entertained as to the question now before our thoughts. The doctrine of Infallibility is practically, at least, received all but universally, nor can it be doubted that the assent of the Catholic Episcopate invariably follows the dogmatic decrees of the Holy See, and follows them on the particular ground of the Infallibility of the Successor of St. Peter. If the truth of the doctrine were to be discussed, it may be questioned whether half a score Bishops could be found to deny it, and whether the flocks of those half score would follow them in doing so. On the other hand, if anything at all is clear amid the swarm

of misrepresentations and absurdities which have been put in circulation by the Protestant newspapers, it is this—that the movement for the definition is an Episcopal movement. It broke out, if we may so speak, from the mutual contact of so many hundred Bishops from all parts of the world with each other. There will always be writers, even among Catholics, the legitimate descendants of Fra Paolo Sarpi, who will attribute movements of this sort to the influence and intrigues of the “Curia”—which, if half that is said of it be true, must be able to manipulate in a manner that any statesman might envy large masses of the most learned, most independent, and most conscientious men in the world, many of whom have laboured to extreme old age for the cause of the Church, and have shown the utmost firmness in resisting all kinds of seductions and bribes in their own countries. There will always be talk of intrigues, and promises, and vacant Cardinal Hats dangled over Episcopal heads, and intimidation, and violence, and “touting” for suffrages, and of the manufacture of “faggot” votes, and the like. All this must be, and it is by no means necessary to believe that among the conscientious adherents of a particular policy in any large assemblage of men, even though they be Bishops and Cardinals, there may not be individuals whose zeal for the cause which they have at heart may show itself in a manner which may lay them open to criticism. Still, under any conceivable hypothesis—we mean under any such hypothesis as reasonable and Catholic minds can accept as probable—we can see nothing in the influence of the Roman Curia, even supposing it to be bent on bringing about the definition, nothing in the action of this or that Prelate who may take the matter up as a measure is taken up by a member of the British Parliament, that can possibly account for the results that have been the issue of the movement. We imagine that if these were days of episcopal servility and worldly-mindedness, we should find these influences working in the direction of obsequiousness to popular feeling or to secular Governments, not to the Holy See. A Bishop lives among his people, and under his own Sovereign, and if he is servile, he will be so to them, and not to Rome. Rome is

far off, and he visits it only now and then, and the time-server, if such there be, may apply to himself the practical truth, even at Rome, in a sort of parody on the fine words of Antigone, that he has to please the people at home for a much longer time than the people elsewhere.* It is, in fact, perfectly gratuitous, and altogether unreasonable, to see here the influence of imaginary intrigues, cliques, flattery, ambition, and the like; in short, we must simply refuse to imagine that the movement for the definition has had any other cause than the prevalent conviction among the Bishops that the definition is called for by the good of the Church: and the Bishops may well be trusted as representatives of the feelings of their flocks as well as their guides. Unless we are prepared to say that some widespread delusion or some fanatical impulse has taken possession of at least a very large portion of the Faithful and their Pastors, we ought to admit the other conclusion, that a desire which it is natural to attribute to the Spirit which dwells in the Church has manifested itself as an answer to the prayers of the Faithful. This conclusion derives greater force from the obvious spontaneity, and, in a certain sense, unexpectedness of the movement, and it is by no means impaired by the objection, which may or may not be truly made, as to the imprudence or intemperance of individual writers *outside* the Council who may have put themselves forward to urge on the definition. Mistakes may be made on all sides, whether in the way of excess of zeal or excess of moderation, and the crisis has become far too important for ungenerous criticism of one another on the part of those who have simply the truth at heart.

The ways of Providence are inscrutable, and we conceive that—even admitting the statement with which we started, that this call for the definition of Papal Infallibility has in some sense outrun the actually prepared programme of the Vatican Council—the only reasonable and Christian hypothesis that can be devised for the explanation of the fact before us is that which accounts for the movement of which we have been speaking by attributing it, as we have

* ἐπεὶ πλείων χρόνος,
ὅν δι' ἐμὲ ἀρίσκειν τοῖς κάτω, τῶν ἐνθάδε. (Antig.)

done, to the Spirit which guides the Church—manifesting its impulses, it may be, at one time in one way and at another in another way. We look facts in the face, and we recognise a desire and a cry which can proceed from nothing but the great heart of the Catholic Church. It reminds us of the “God wills it” which greeted the preaching of the first Crusades. Moreover, the course of events since the opening of the Council has been such as to furnish obvious and cogent motives which may tend to influence very greatly the decision of what, after all, must, as we suppose, be the real question for the consideration of the Fathers—we mean the question of the opportuneness of the definition at the present moment. We know well enough that this is not a question for unauthorised writers to dogmatise upon. It will remain open until the decision is taken by the Council, and, before that time, no one can do more than state the conclusions of his reason, unenlightened by that special presence of the Holy Ghost which glows within the Council itself. But we may fairly say that the controversy which has been waged as to the question has shown the most signal argumentative advantage on the side of the writers who have advocated the opportuneness. The reasons that have been alleged on the other side of the question have been triumphantly met, and if we pass from this particular controversy to the more general discussion which has dealt with the question of Infallibility in itself, the preponderance of learning, reason, and authority is too marked not to have a simply decisive weight on any fair mind. It may suit the scribes of Protestant newspapers to speak of the learning and wisdom of Mgr. Maret or of Père Gratry, but it cannot be hidden that the abilities of these writers far exceed their theological attainments, which have in fact been shown to be of an inferior order. The Bishop of Orleans, the most distinguished writer on the same side, on account of the many services which he has rendered to the Church in past years, has been convicted over and over again by Dom Gueranger of having trusted, much to his own cost, to some very second-rate theologians for his authorities and even for his views.

But it is not only that the arguments of those who have opposed the opportuneness of the definition have been so completely refuted. The very fact of the discussion, conducted as it has been, has shown the great desirableness of putting a termination to such questions for the future, and has added a new motive to the many already obvious reasons in favour of the definition. We are far from saying that the mere fact of a truth being certain and primitive is enough of itself to make it "opportune" that it should be defined. Still, it must never be forgotten that the exercise of faith is a most blessed and meritorious act, and that when it is placed beyond doubt or cavil that a great truth which we have always received is to be received henceforth as a matter of faith, we have made an advance and a gain for which the greatest gratitude is due to God. It is barely sixteen years since Catholics have had this privilege in regard to the Immaculate Conception, and the joy with which the definition was received fed itself not less upon the increase of faith than upon the honour done to the Mother of God. Again, it is an advantage to have that precise and dogmatic value attached to the declarations of Scripture and the words of our Lord which is given to them, in so many cases, by the definitions of the Church. It would be a gain to know that the great texts about St. Peter, especially the words *Ego oravi pro te, ut non deficiat fides tua, et tu aliquando conversus confirma fratres tuos*, would henceforth have their fuller and deeper meaning ratified by the voice of the Church, and would live on for ever in her history in perpetual operation, almost as the Sacramental Forms themselves. These are, of course, considerations as applicable to the question before us a hundred years ago as now, and there are others like them which have been enumerated by more than one writer in the late controversy. No one conversant with history can deny the two great facts so prominently urged by Dom Gueranger in his late work—that the decisions of the Roman Pontiffs on matters of faith have always been received by the Universal Church, and that the decrees of Œcumenical Councils themselves have derived their irreformable and authoritative character from the ratifi-

cation accorded to them by the Successors of St. Peter. The definition now desired would supply the foundation and explanation of these two great features of Church History, and it would also set at rest the questions which have sometimes been plausibly urged against the Infallibility of the Church in general, on the ground of the uncertainty still tolerated as to the seat of that Infallibility. But we are not now engaged in drawing up the full argument for the opportuneness of the definition. It is enough for our present purpose to show how it is that we conceive that the recent controversies, together with the movement which the question has excited in the world at large, and the characteristic features of that movement, tend to combine with what we have called the spontaneity of the demand for the definition, in furnishing an argument for the opinion that the time has now come for the Church to set her final seal upon the doctrine of which we speak. It has been seen plainly enough, then, that the Gallican opinion requires notice from the Council, that distinctions and quibbles will still be made as long as people who profess themselves Catholics are free to make them.* Moreover, there is surely much apparent reason in the fear that to leave the question unsettled may aggravate the evil instead of diminishing it. The erroneous doctrine may have a few more adherents than some people supposed it to have; but there is no reason for thinking that they are formidable, much less that they will become less so, even after so much discussion, unless the truth be authoritatively declared. Moreover, let this be done, and the Church at once separates "the precious from the vile" among those who have argued or taken part in any way against the

* We fear that some writers have of late gone beyond the exact facts in their language as to the position of the Gallican opinion in the eyes of the Church. We may quote a note to an article in this periodical more than a year ago—"It cannot be considered free to maintain a system so 'contrary to the sentiment of the Catholic Church' (Pius IX.), but although the Holy See has disapproved the Assembly (of 1682), rescinded its Acts, and declared them null and void, the Penitentiaria has answered (Sept. 14, 1831)—'Nullam theologicæ censuræ notam doctrinæ illa Declaratione contentæ inustam fuisse,' and that therefore those who hold it in good faith are not to be refused absolution on that ground alone" ("The Roman Spirit," MONTH, vol. x., p. 384).

definition or its opportuneness. No one will any longer speak against the truth itself with any chance of finding listeners among Catholics, while several most distinguished men will edify Christendom and rejoice the hearts of their brethren by giving up an opinion on the point of expediency which they have maintained in good faith, and placing themselves in the foremost ranks on the side of truth in any controversy that may follow between the Church and those outside her. Yes—as the hesitation of St. Thomas, according to the well-known saying of St. Augustine, was of more value to our faith than the ready credulity of Magdalene, so it may be that the defence of the truth, when it is settled, will come with the greatest force from lips that in the preliminary discussion have spoken with hesitation, doubt, or alarm.

Apart from the refutation of distinct books or pamphlets in which erroneous views are set forth, we believe the greatest service which writers outside the Council could at present render to the truth would be in the way of simple explanations of the Catholic doctrine, plain popular statements of the Scriptural argument, the argument from reason and the witness of tradition, the answers to the historical difficulties, and the alarms as to consequences. For the rest, the simplest duty of Catholics at the present crisis is to pray for the Council and have perfect faith in it. To have faith in the Council is simply to have faith in the Church. The Catholic practical belief in the unfailing privileges of the Bride of Christ, in the special Providence which attends her path through the world, and in the Indwelling Spirit which guides and animates her, issues in perfect confidence in, and tender devotion to, one or other of two objects, according to the various tones of mind, or even circumstances of education, or personal history, in distinct individuals. We may take, as illustrating our meaning, the titles of two sermons of Father Faber, *Devotion to the Church* and *Devotion to the Pope*. One of these objects is the general body of the Faithful scattered throughout the world, but united in closest communion of faith and hope, of practice and prayer, still, in the truest sense, of one heart and of one mind, as in the days

of the Apostles. The difference between the Catholic and the Protestant is simply this, that to the former the living Church, the visible body of the Faithful throughout the world, is in every respect all that the Church ever was, either in the times of the Apostles, or after; while to the Protestant this last is a thing of history—his affection, his confidence, his trust, and his obedience, all are denied to the Body of Christ in the days in which he lives. Some minds, we think, fasten with a particular attraction on the thought of “the whole multitude of the Faithful,” reflecting in their spontaneous and instinctive unity the perfect harmony and all-penetrating charity of far larger multitudes of the Blessed in glory and at rest, with whom also they are one, and with whom they make up the greatest of the works of God, the “Communion of Saints.” All the feelings and thoughts that are manifested by the members of this Body on earth in general are to them sacred and true as the breathings and the voice of the Spirit of God. They know, of course, that wolves may creep into the fold, that there may be corruption and delusion here and there, but they know with far greater certainty that such mischief can be general or permanent, and as their great devotion to the Church as such will make them long above everything to think, and feel, and believe, and act, according to the general spirit of the whole Body, they will never have any difficulty in accepting, either as true or as wise and expedient, whatever seems to be sanctioned or urged on by that general spirit. Other minds, again, seem to be naturally drawn rather to dutiful allegiance and attention to the Power within the Church, which is the fountain of authority and doctrine, the centre of unity, and source of jurisdiction. Their devotion to the Church itself is not less, but its object is more definitely found in the home of that principle which makes the Church what she is, *columna et firmamentum veritatis*. They look to the head and heart as giving life and action to the Body, and in all practical matters they study to conform themselves in thought, in feeling, and in conduct, to the rule which they find in operation under the immediate presence of the Vicar of Christ.

We have distinguished these two phases, if we may so speak, of the Catholic spirit, not that they are really either antagonistic or diverse in principle, but because we believe that the distinction serves to explain in a great measure the apparent divergencies on many questions of practical importance between men who are in reality one in heart and purpose, equally desirous of serving God, and equally devoted to the Church. In the case before us, both these "devotions" converge in favour of the great truth in question. The subject-matter of the definition, which is so generally desired and expected, secures for it the enthusiastic devotion of the second class of minds of which we have spoken; and the movement itself bears marks of having owed its birth to the impulses and instincts of the first. We put aside and "cart away"—to use Dr. Newman's expression—as far as the formation of our own judgment as to the character of the movement is concerned, all the rumours which have been so industriously disseminated either by Protestants or politicians hostile to the freedom and desirous of the weakness of the Church, as to intrigues, and intimidation and cajolery and the personal ambition of this or that prominent personage. We feel as if we were here answering an objection, for dealing with which we ought almost to apologise. What, indeed, can be truly urged—we do not say, against any of the advocates on either side, but—against the Bishops of the Council or the Court of Rome, that has any semblance of weight about it? But let us suppose that there were, in reality, something of the kind. We should simply have to answer, as the historians of the Church have often had to answer, that we are dealing, after all, with a divine system intrusted to human administration. It is always our trial to recognise the divine element in the common, weather-beaten, work-a-day flesh and blood in which it is encased; but the gift of faith can stand the trial in this as in other cases. If we look out for weaknesses and vanities and inconsistencies, not to speak of other less noticeable bugbears, we shall not fail to find them in every generation of the Church, nor to find them in our own. But it is not the less true that the earthly vessel of the Church contains a heavenly

treasure, that the general body of the Faithful, the universal Episcopate, and the central Power of the Christian Kingdom are instinct with divine life, beaming with the light of truth and vigorous with the might of grace, in the nineteenth century as much as in any other that has preceded it. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*: and the *orbis terrarum* has never been better represented than in the Council of the Vatican.

Most of the remarks which we have hitherto made have borne reference to the movement for the definition of the Infallibility of the Successor of St. Peter simply as to its actual circumstances, and would have been equally applicable to any movement of the like kind and importance, such, for instance, as may be imagined as to the Assumption of our Blessed Lady, or the declaration of some particular doctrine as to divine Grace. We propose to add a few pages on the subject itself, though our readers will not expect us here to enter on a full discussion of a question which would require a large volume. What is wanted, moreover, in the present state of the public mind and feeling amongst us is not so much, as we have already said, argument and proof, as explanation. At the time of the definition of the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady, it is hardly too much to say that even the best-informed among the Anglicans, both those who wrote and who preached against the doctrine, as Dr. Pusey and the Anglican Bishop of Oxford at the time, were ignorant both as to the meaning of the term Immaculate Conception and as to the nature of the declaration concerning it. We need hardly inquire whether ignorance of the same kind does not prevail among many persons, even inside the Church, as to Pontifical Infallibility. Infallibility is an easier word to one who is no theologian than Immaculate, for the latter cannot be understood without some acquaintance with the doctrine of original sin; but a great number of persons seem to confound infallibility with impeccability, and others, with far greater reason, on account of the confusion created by the injudicious publication of some rather crude opinions on the subject, are much in the dark as to the extent and object of the Infallibility which

is claimed, as for the Church, so also for her head and ruler upon earth. We may as well begin our explanations by some limitations on this latter point, which we shall give in the carefully chosen words of a learned French divine, whose work has lately received the approbation of the Holy Father himself.

The Church, says Dom Gueranger, is infallible in her teaching upon revealed truth, whether dogmatic or moral, and, in those questions which relate at once to the supernatural order and to the natural order, it belongs to her to decide with sovereign authority. Such, neither more nor less, is the object of the Infallibility of the Church. Whoever does not admit this, has either ceased to be, or has never yet been, a Catholic. If therefore, in consequence of a definition, the faithful children of the Catholic Church are to find themselves in future obliged to confess expressly the Infallibility of the Pope, they will have to understand that Infallibility, as far as its object is concerned, in the same sense, and to the same extent, as that of the Church herself. As the Church does not claim Infallibility in matters outside those which we have just now enumerated, the Roman Pontiff, also, will not have to extend his divine privilege over such matters. . . . In the case of doctrinal decisions, the Infallible Pope is in exactly the same situation as the Council. If the decree issued either by the one or by the other were to relate to what is outside the object on which Infallibility is exercised, it would no doubt be worthy of respectful attention, but it would not be imposed by faith on the consciences of Christians (*La Monarchie Pontificale*, pp. 246, 247).

The same learned and moderate writer speaks thus of the *conditions* requisite for the exercise of Infallibility—

The decisions of the Council are infallible when they are delivered *conciliariter*, and those of the Pope are infallible when they are delivered *ex cathedrâ*. Not everything that either the Pope or the Council may say or do essentially involves Infallibility. In order that the Faithful may be under the obligation of accepting as of faith the doctrinal decree of a Council, it is necessary that the terms of the decree show the intention to impose this obligation. In the long series of Councils the form of the decrees has constantly varied, from the Creed or Symbol, as at Nicæa and Constantinople, to the Canons appended to Chapters, as at Trent; but the intention of which we speak is always clear in the terms used, and no one can be mistaken about it. In the same way, we must distinguish in the Pope between the "private Doctor" who gives his opinion without

adding any solemn form, and the infallible teacher of all Christians who speaks from the height of the Apostolic Chair. The conditions of a Pontifical decree *ex cathedrâ* have been perfectly summed up, in accordance with ancient monuments, by Gregory XVI., in his excellent treatise called *Il Trionfo della S. Sede*, which he had published before his exaltation to the Papacy, and many editions of which were published under his own eye during his Pontificate. It matters not whether it be a Bull, a Brief, or a Decree, so long as it be duly promulgated: but the Pontiff must manifest his decision to the Church by a direct act, announcing his intention to pronounce on the question before him, and to impose the submission of faith, qualifying by the mark of heresy the contrary opinion, and fulminating his anathema against those who shall for the future maintain that opinion. The terms may vary, but such are the conditions of a decree of faith pronounced *ex cathedrâ* (pp. 241, 250).*

Any one who is at all acquainted with the current representations of the doctrine which it is now proposed to define, will see at once how the account here given of the object and "conditions" of an infallible decree, whether it emanate from the Pope or from a General Council under him, is sufficient to knock to pieces a large proportion of the bugbears which ignorant fear or malicious inventiveness have put in circulation. We are tempted to notice another vain alarm, which the same eminent writer has been at the pains to set to rest. It has been said that if Papal Infallibility be defined, we may have any number of forgotten decisions of mediæval Pontiffs, perhaps, brought to light and imposed upon us as of faith. Speaking of the writers who make this objection, Dom Gueranger remarks—

A slight study of the question would have told them that in all ages the Roman Pontiffs have given decisions in matters of faith, and that their decisions have always been received with submission in the Church; that they have been brought together

* Dom Gueranger adds a note applying this description to the definition of the Immaculate Conception. "The words 'heretic,' 'excommunication,' or 'anathema,' do not occur, but they are represented by equivalents. Speaking of those who oppose the truth he has just defined, Pius IX. declares, *his se noverint se circa fidem naufragium passos esse*: shipwreck in faith being synonymous with heresy, *et ab unitate Ecclesiæ defecisse*, which words express equivalently loss of communion with the Church."

at the time in collections of authority, and that every ancient decision which has not been promulgated in the Church, besides labouring under the inconvenience of coming somewhat late, would also run the risk of a defect of authenticity (p. 248).

In our next article we shall endeavour to touch only on what may be called the more popular parts of the mass of proof. A periodical is no place for an array of theological authorities or for a minute discussion of historical difficulties; and, moreover, we are in expectation that the long-promised work of Father Bottalla on Infallibility, in which all such questions will find a natural place and be handled both with ability and at leisure, will issue from the same press as these pages within a few days from our publication. When we speak of the more popular parts of the proof, we do not of course mean the least cogent. But there are two of the many heads under which the arguments on Papal Infallibility fall which are not so difficult for the mass of thoughtful Christians to appreciate as are the *catenæ* of authorities and the examination of Christian tradition, which belong more properly to the pages of a theologian treating of such a subject as this *ex professo*. The two heads of which we speak, are the Scriptural argument, and the argument from necessity and reason; and to these we shall address ourselves in our further treatment of the subject.

H. J. C.

Our Library Table.

1. THE poems of St. Damasus form the subject of a Latin thesis maintained by M. A. Couret, a young doctor in civil law, before the Faculty of Letters at Paris (*De Sancti Damasi Summi apud Christianos Pontificis carminibus*. Paris, A. Lainé). These little-known poems have of late been brought into notice by the archæologist, M. de Rossi, who has discovered amidst the ruins and dust of the Catacombs a large number of ancient marbles on which were inscribed the verses of St. Damasus. These poems were in fact simple epitaphs engraved on the tombs of the martyrs, briefly recounting in a few verses the story of their life and glorious death. But M. de Rossi, confining himself to archæological details, has only incidentally pointed out the great historical value of these poems. Their complete study in a literary and historical point of view has been left to M. Couret, who has succeeded in the task. But he has not been content with a detailed examination of the works of St. Damasus. In order thoroughly to master his subject, he first of all seeks in the private life of the Pope for the source of that deep-seated affection for the martyrs which now and then bursts forth in such touching strains, and then proceeds to inquire what place should be assigned to St. Damasus among the poets of the fourth century. In his first chapter M. Couret treats of the life of the Pontiff. He speaks of his infancy threatened by the persecution of Diocletian, and spent in terror and obscurity in the depths of the Catacombs. He describes the effect upon the imagination of the child of the sight of the hurried burials of the martyrs in the crypts, and of the impression which those mournful scenes must have left on his memory. Hence the thoughtful, enthusiastic, and severe character of St. Damasus, and his unbounded affection for the martyrs, the companions, guardians, and heroes of his childhood. M. Couret then traces briefly his ecclesiastical career, his troubled Pontificate, his struggles against his rival, his efforts against heretics, the solemn decision which pronounced him innocent of the calumnies brought against him, and the reforms which he introduced into the discipline of the Church. After speaking of the life of the Pope, M. Couret turns to the poet; but in order to define more accurately his place among his contemporaries, he examines the works of the poets of the fourth century, shows how barren they are, how incapable of awakening interest, and how completely forgotten. He inquires into the cause of this, and discusses this important

question : "Can Jesus Christ be the hero of an epic? Or does not the apparent impassibility of the Man-God in the hands of His executioners appear to indicate a nature free from human passions? and would not this be the true cause of the check felt by all who have undertaken to celebrate it?" M. Couret answers in the affirmative, and ably combats numerous objections. Then, returning to St. Damasus, he shows that he exhibits true poetical skill in taking for his subject not Jesus Christ, but the martyrs, who were more susceptible of human passions. In his third chapter, M. Couret's object is to show the literary and historical worth of the poems of St. Damasus, and he is forced to acknowledge that sometimes they are weak and monotonous, and spoiled by frequent repetitions. Still confidence of assertion, novelty of detail, and, above all, loftiness of thought, may make full amends for these unavoidable defects. M. Couret shows what historical interest attaches to the epitaphs on the Popes St. Marcellus and St. Eusebius, which reveal so much concerning the history of the Church. Indeed the situation of the Christian Church at Rome during the brief reign of Maxentius is known to us only through St. Damasus. M. Couret also shows the analogy between the situation of the Church at this epoch of half tolerance and our own age of dogged hostility. Further on, M. Couret treats of the finest of the works of St. Damasus, the exquisite poem on St. Agnes so much admired by Ozanam, and compares it with the panegyrics of the same Saint by Prudentius and St. Ambrose. He pronounces in favour of St. Damasus, giving as reasons for this decision his precision, vigour, and power in the delineation of the human heart; in one word, the ascetic beauty of this little piece, which in its few verses contains a whole poem. M. Couret is however a little too severe on Prudentius, with whom he finds fault for the long-winded discourses which he puts into the mouths of the martyrs, their executioners, and judges, and for the somewhat grim delight which he takes in describing the torments of the martyrs. In fine, M. Couret shows the value of the poems of St. Damasus for Christians who in their visits to the Catacombs might read in these short and poetic epitaphs the whole history of the martyrs, and thence derive fresh strength for the trials of daily life. The newness of the subject and of the assertions maintained, together with its numerous quotations, make this a valuable book for reference.

2. Under the title of *Portraits*, Mrs. Webster has given us another volume of very beautiful poetry. Each poem is a careful study. Of the subjects chosen by Mrs. Webster, "Medea in Athens" and "Circe" need no explanation. "The Happiest Girl in the World" is a sketch of a young bride. "A Castaway"—a very long poem—is the soliloquy of a soul that has been led astray, then tried reformation, and then gone back. "A Soul in Prison" gives a very touching picture of the "doubters" who are only too numerous, and daily increasing in numbers, in the society around us. A curious poem called "Tired" is put into the mouth of a sort of "social reformer" who has married

a poor girl for her freshness and simplicity, and finds that she takes to the great world after all. "Coming Home" is a pretty sketch of a young officer returning from India, and drawing near his home. Two or three poems of the same dramatic kind fill up the volume, which is closed by a piece called "The Manuscript of St. Alexius," founded on the well known story of the Saint. We have called the poetry beautiful; its beauty is very evenly diffused over the whole volume, which contains hardly anything commonplace or out of taste. We give as a specimen of Mrs. Webster's more serious mood the following lines from "A Soul in Prison"—

Say 'twas my wanton haste,
or my drowsed languor, my too earthward eyes
watching for hedge flowers, or my too rapt gaze
at the mock sunshine of a sky-born cloud,
that led me, blinding, here : say the black walls
grew round me while I slept, or that I built
with ignorant hands a temple for my soul
to pray in to herself, and that, for want
of a window heavenwards, a loathsome night
of mildew and decay festered upon it,
till the rotted pillars fell and tombd me in :
let it so be my fault, whichever way,
must I be left to die ? A murderer
is helped by holy hands to the byway road
that comes at God through shame ; a thief is helped ;
a harlot ; a sleek cozeners that prays,
swindles his customers, and gives God thanks,
and so to bed with prayers. Let them repent,
nay let them not repent, you'll see "These souls
may yet be saved, and make a joy in heaven :"
you are thankful you have found them, you whose charge
is healing sin. But I, hundreds as I,
whose sorrow 'tis only to long to know,
and know too plainly that we know not yet,
we are beyond your mercies. You pass by
and note the moral of our fate : 'twill point
a Sunday's sermon.. for we have our use,
beggarts to placid Christians in their pews—
"Question not, prove not, lest you grow like these :"
and then you will tell them how we daze ourselves
on problems now so many times resolved
that you'll not re-resolve them, how we crave
new proofs, as once an evil race desired
new signs and could not see, for stubbornness,
signs given already.

Proofs enough, you say,
quote precedent, "Hear Moses and the prophets."
I know the answer given across the gulf,
but I know too what Christ did : there were proofs,
enough for John and Peter, yet He taught
new proofs and meanings to those doubting two
who sorrowing walked forth to Emmaus
and came back joyful.

"They," you'd answer me,
if you owned my instance, "sorrowed in their doubt,
and did not wholly doubt, and loved."

Oh, men,
 who read the age's heart in library books
 writ by our fathers, this is how you know it !
 Do we say "The old faith is obsolete,
 the world wags all the better, let us laugh,"
 we of to-day ? Why will you not divine
 the fathomless sorrow of doubt ? why not divine
 the yearning to be lost from it in love ?
 And who doubts wholly ? That were not to doubt.
 Doubt's to be ignorant, not to deny :
 doubt's to be wistful after perfect faith.
 You will not think that : you come not to us
 to ask of us, who know doubt, what doubt is,
 but one by one you pass the echoes on,
 each of his own pulpit, each of all the pulpits,
 and in the swelling sound can never catch
 the tremulous voice of doubt that wails in the cold :
 you make sham thunder for it, to outpeal
 with your own better thunders.

You wise man
 and worthy, utter honest in your will,
 I love you and I trust you : so I thought
 "Here's one whose love keeps measure to belief
 with onward vigorous feet, one quick of sight
 to catch the clue in scholars' puzzle-knots,
 deft to unweave the coil to one straight thread,
 one strong to grapple vague Protean faith
 and keep her to his heart in one fixed shape
 and living ; he comes forward in his strength,
 as to a battlefield to answer challenge,
 as in a storm to buffet with the waves
 for shipwrecked men clutching the frothy crests
 and sinking ; he is stalwart on my side—
 mine, who, untrained and weaponless, have warred
 at the powers of unbelief, and am borne down—
 mine, who am struggling in the sea for breath."
 I looked to you as the sick man in his pain
 looks to the doctor whose sharp medicines
 have the taste of health behind them, looked to you
 for— well, for a boon different from this.
 My doctor tells me "Why quite long ago
 they knew your fever (or one very like) ;
 and they knew remedies, you'll find them named
 in many ancient writers, let those serve :"
 and "Thick on the commons, by the daily roads,
 the herbs are growing that give instant strength
 to palsied limbs like yours, clear such filmed sight :
 you need but eyes to spy them, hands to uproot,
 that's all."

3. Dr. Gröne, the author of a *Compendium der Kirchengeschichte*, is well known in the learned world of Germany for various writings, and especially for his monograph on Tetzel. It had long been customary to look upon Tetzel as a preacher of indulgences, who, by his extravagance and misconduct, was the occasion of Luther's public declaration against the Catholic doctrine, and, by consequence, the proximate cause of the Reformation. But in 1853 appeared Gröne's work, in which, by means of most trustworthy historical facts, he

triumphantly cleared the memory of Tetzel. According to these accounts Tetzel was shown to be precisely the contrary to what, up to that time, he had been considered even in Catholic countries. Instead of a fanatical and corrupted monk, we find in him a learned ascetical Dominican, who by his great apostolical zeal worked irresistibly upon the masses, and met with great success. This production of the author naturally attracted great attention. Since its appearance his pen has not been idle, and the fruit of his literary activity is the above work.

We can but briefly point out the main characteristics of this Compendium. The genuine Catholic spirit which pervades the whole work is specially worthy of praise. The author has correctly understood how to avoid that infallible *ex cathedra* tone in which learned men, with little piety and at times with little knowledge of the facts, pass judgment on Popes, Bishops, and ecclesiastical institutions of their own and former times. A further excellence of the book may be found in its being written from specially Catholic sources. There is much danger in Germany, from the constant communication of Catholics with Protestants, of falling too much under the influence of Protestant literature in the various branches of knowledge, and more especially in exegesis and history, and thus of not making sufficient use of the profound contributions of Catholics in literary works. Here, however, the author has escaped this danger, and has been very wary in using Protestant works. He has succeeded, by a close and clear narrative, in giving within the space of about 500 pages a richer and more interesting history than is generally comprised in so small a space. He is specially happy in several passages on the middle ages, and in the history of the Reformation in Germany. If we were to criticise any point unfavourably, it would be that, in some paragraphs, he has not always had recourse to original sources of information, and has thus in several places allowed inaccuracies to slip into his book. Thus, for example, St. Prosper was certainly no semi-Pelagian, and it is Theiner who says so, and not the Bollandists.

Finally, we may remark that in those facts of history which are connected with the most prominent question of the present day, the Infallibility of the Pope, especially as regards Honorius and Liberius, the author substantially follows the Ultramontane (the ordinary) view; while, on the other hand, he stigmatises the four Gallican Articles as an unholy result of the despotic onslaughts of Louis XIV. on the rights of the Church and of the ill-will of a few theologians and canonists towards Rome. The Gallicans, in short, had the bad luck in the fourth Article to admit the Infallibility of the Pope in the premiss and to deny it in the conclusion, and then, finally, in their struggle with the Jansenists they were, by a sort of providential vengeance, forced practically to recognise Infallibility in the most unequivocal manner.

4. Dr. Marcy has given us, under the title of *Life Duties* (*Life Duties*. By E. E. Marcy, A.M., M.D. New York, Sadlier and Co., 1869), a most unsatisfactory book. It seems to us to be the work of a Catholic who has descended to a Protestant level, intending apparently on Protestant principles to draw Protestants upwards to Catholic conclusions. To a Catholic reader such a book must necessarily be very uninviting; and we fear we must add that it will be altogether useless to Protestants. The conclusions are unfortunately not always Catholic; or, if not erroneous, they fall short of the whole truth. These certainly are not days in which Protestants are drawn to the Church by mutilated statements of her doctrine, or by attempts to explain away mysteries that God requires us to accept on faith. The authority of the Catholic Church is veiled, we suppose, in the following curious phrase: "The creed which we have suggested is derived from the unerring intelligence of the Supreme Being; therefore men should not hesitate or be ashamed to sink pride of intellect, pride of opinion, and their various human creeds, deep under the ocean of divine truth and unity" (p. 304). Dr. Marcy must speak more plainly than this if he wants Protestants to understand that they must submit their reason to the teaching of the Church if they would believe with divine faith the whole revelation of God.

"The creed which we have suggested" is called "a perfect platform of religious faith," presenting "a common ground upon which every sect in Christendom can stand in unity and peace." It comprises "everything essential both to Catholicism and Protestantism." The creed suggested by Dr. Marcy thus speaks of the Seven Sacraments: "Jesus, when incarnate on earth, established seven sacred ceremonies or observances—viz., Baptism, Confirmation, the Holy Communion, Repentance, Acknowledgment, and Reformation of Sins, the Office of the Ministry, Marriage, Prayers for the Sick" (p. 300). Does Dr. Marcy look upon this as an improvement on the Council of Trent? A chapter (p. 241), written expressly to show "to all persons who are living in mortal sin" what are the "essential conditions of forgiveness and salvation," does not mention absolution, and would convey to the mind of an uninstructed reader that the only confession of sin required for forgiveness was "an open acknowledgment" to any man—"confessing of sins one to another" like "praying for one another" (p. 244).

The chapter on "the Holy Communion" is such that we must earnestly beg Dr. Marcy not to write on theological subjects which he has never studied and does not understand. He ventures to say (p. 267), "Many Saints, many theologians, many philosophers, have theorised or written upon the Holy Communion. *Nearly all of them have erred most grievously* in endeavouring to subject spiritual things to the law of matter." Dr. Marcy's theory seems to be this. Christ's glorified Body is a spirit. Christ is omnipresent. Therefore His Body is everywhere. Therefore it is in the Blessed Sacrament. This is what we should gather from his confused and most inaccurate language. Christians "forget that He put off His material and

corruptible Body before His accession to the spiritual world. They forget that He has never again been incarnate since the Ascension" (p. 250). "When allusion is made to the real presence of Christ on earth, whether in the midst of His assembled worshippers, or transubstantiated into the consecrated elements, reference is had to the spiritual Saviour as He exists in Heaven, and not to a material and incarnate Being. . . . To deny that Christ pervades every created object, and is cognisant of every event which transpires on earth . . . is to deny His omnipresence and His omniscience. But few Christians presume to deny to our Blessed Lord and Saviour the possession of these divine attributes, and yet they profess to be shocked at the idea of His manifestation under the form of bread and wine" (p. 252). A man who can speak of our Blessed Lord *manifesting* Himself under the form of bread and wine, or *transubstantiating Himself* into the consecrated elements, is hardly the theologian who is raised up to correct "nearly all" the "many Saints, many theologians, and many philosophers, who have written upon the Holy Communion." Dr. Marcy attempts to defend his error respecting our Lord's glorified Body by the authority of St. Paul, that "flesh and blood cannot possess the Kingdom of God" (1 Cor. xv. 50). Our Lord Himself has precluded any such misinterpretation. "Now whilst they were speaking these things, Jesus stood in the midst of them, and saith to them : Peace be to you : it is I, fear not. But they being troubled and affrighted, supposed that they saw a spirit. And He said to them : Why are you troubled, and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? See My Hands and My Feet, that it is I Myself : feel and see : for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as you see Me to have. And when He had said this, He showed them His Hands and His Feet. And while they yet believed not, and wondered for joy, He said : Have you anything to eat? And they offered Him a piece of broiled fish and a honey-comb. And when He had eaten before them, taking the remains, He gave to them" (St. Luke xxiv. 36—43).

5. No educated Catholic needs be informed that the externals of Catholic worship may be and are imitated by many Protestants who utterly repudiate the principles of Catholicity, and who, guided either by expediency or their own private judgment, adopt as much or as little as they please of the ritual of the Church. No one is more indignant than a Ritualist if you hint to him that he is not a Catholic ; indeed, some of them will scarcely allow their Catholic friends to use the term in speaking of themselves. It is therefore an act of charity on the part of Mr. Mitchell, himself an Anglican clergyman, to publish a little tract containing a translation of Luther's shorter catechism, and an authentic account of Lutheran ritual at the present day, under the title of *What did Luther teach?* (Frome, 1870). No one, least of all Lutherans, would accuse Luther or his disciples of being Catholics, yet we find that their forms of worship are such as to outstrip, in their approximation to Catholic usage, nearly all Anglican

churches, and to be second to none of them in reverence and order. Altars, Bishops, crucifixes, lights, wafers, confession, and other items are here set forth as integral parts of "Protestant worship," while the Lutheran Catechism and Confession of Faith put the Anglican Catechism and Articles to shame. Mr. Mitchell's publication is a very opportune one in these times, in which many earnest souls are living on the externals of an empty creed, which they honestly believe contains what its exterior implies, and who dread the shock of awakening to a conviction that they are Catholics only in name, and in name only so far as they and their party agree to call each other so.

Some of our readers can doubtless remember "the difficult times," when in some cases a chest of drawers had to serve for an altar, yet the Faith never grew dim. Now, with this imitation of all the externals of Catholic ritual in its splendour, Anglicans are getting more loose to doctrine every day, or else are lamenting the decay of faith that spreads around them, while they shut their eyes to that Tabernacle wherein dwells the Most Holy, and refuse to listen to the voice of him who bears the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Mr. Mitchell has unconsciously followed in Bossuet's footsteps, and instead of the variations of Protestants, has given us a sample of the varieties of Protestantism. No one now will be able to claim for Ritualistic worship the title of Catholic unless he is content to acknowledge that it is also Protestant and Lutheran, and if he acknowledges this he need say nothing more.

6. If an acquaintance with the Fathers of the Church is always of great moment, this is especially so with regard to the dogmatic teaching contained in their writings. They are a yet unexhausted source of light which discloses in a marvellous manner the hidden secrets of our religion. They act as a standing defence of the Catholic Church, in that they are a testimony that all its doctrines existed, if not in clear colours, at least in substantial outline, in high antiquity. Dr. Schwane's *Dogmengeschichte der patristischen Zeit* (A.D. 325—787) is designed as a contribution towards this result, derived from the writings of the holy Fathers. The author, who in a previous work has given us the history of dogma in the ante-Nicene period, treats in the present volume of those Fathers who adorned the Church from the First to the Seventh General Council. The first part gives their doctrine on God, the Trinity, and the Creation; the second contains their teaching on Christ; the third embraces their doctrine on Nature, Grace, and the Last Things; while the fourth part deals with the Church, the Sources of Faith, and the Sacraments. The readers of Dr. Schwane's former work will find the present quite equal to it. It would not perhaps have been useless to have made his reader acquainted, even though briefly, with the modern literature that touches on several important parts of this book. We need only add that the form and execution of the book are as pleasing as the substance is solid.

7. One of the most important publications which have recently come to us from France is M. Foisset's Life of his friend Lacordaire (*Vie de Lacordaire*. 2 tom. Lecoffre). These volumes will supplement the work of Père Chocharne, of which we have an English translation: and Mr. Foisset's book, the work of a friend and companion of the great French orator from his youth up, will have a special authority on account of his perfect acquaintance with his subject in all its stages. Few men can be found so well able to describe the state of society and of opinion in France during Lacordaire's earlier years, and when he began to be a power in the country. This gives a special value to the introduction with which M. Foisset's volumes open. We shall not now dwell on the biography in detail, but simply express an earnest hope that we may soon see it well translated.

8. The fame of Calderon among English readers already owes a great deal to the exertions of Mr. Denis Florence M'Carthy, who has already translated several of the dramas and autos of the illustrious Spaniard. It is not often that a poet falls into the hands of a real poet as his translator. Mr. M'Carthy is very faithful, and yet his versions read like originals. We have now to thank him for a fresh instalment of the work at which he seems to labour with so much genuine devotion, in the shape of a translation of *The Two Lovers of Heaven* (Fowler, Dublin), a drama founded on the story of SS. Chrysanthus and Daria. It appears to be at once one of the best and one of the most characteristic works of its author.

9. *The Countess of Glosswood* (Burns and Oates) is the title of a tale from the French. Lord and Lady Glosswood are both Scotch, and the former, having been implicated in a Covenanter rising in Charles II.'s reign, is sentenced to death, but his life is spared at the intercession of Mary Beatrice, the wife of the Duke of York, at that time ruling Scotland for his brother. Lord Glosswood's sentence is changed into that of banishment into Cornwall, where he has to work at the mines. Here his life is saved by a mysterious stranger called Deyman, apparently a miner. Deyman is in reality a Catholic Priest. He had been a great Duke in the world, converted by St. Vincent of Paul, and having been made a Priest in France, had come to England to labour for souls. Our readers will naturally anticipate that in the course of the story he manages to convert most of the principal personages. The tale is well written, and the translation seems cleverly done.

10. We have had occasion incidentally to mention the great excellence of the Roman correspondence of the *Westminster Gazette*, and we are glad to find that the moderation and soundness of information for which it is pre-eminent have won for it the expression of a general wish that it should be preserved in a permanent form. This wish has

led to the publication of a first volume of the correspondence, under the title of *Contemporary Annals of Rome*, with a Preface by Mgr. Capel (London, Richardson). The time covered by the volume is from March, 1867, to March, 1868. This space of time comprised the celebration of the Centenary of St. Peter, and the campaign which ended in the discomfiture of Garibaldi and his band of Piedmontese emissaries at Mentana. We heartily wish the volume the success which it so highly deserves.

11. In *Our Domestic Fire-places*, Mr. Edwards gives us the benefit of his practical experience in a very interesting form. The previous edition we have already noticed. The improvements in the present edition of 1870 consist of a short sketch of the history of fire-places, from the Grecian tripod (if indeed the tripod be a fire-place), to the modern closed stove and open fire-place. The latest improvements of any importance in stoves and fire-places are fully detailed, and suggestions given towards removing the principal drawbacks to the open fire-place, viz., smoky chimneys, loss of heat through imperfect radiation, the formation of smoke, and violent draughts in the rooms in which it is in use. These hints must prove of great value, and will all no doubt sooner or later be adopted, unless the inconvenience which seems almost inevitably to attend upon the use of the smoke-consuming grate be considered to outweigh considerations of economy. For these additions room has been made by the omission of a deserved but irrelevant attack upon the main stumbling-block of all inventors, the patent laws as at present in force. The number of lithographed figures has been increased to 149, adequately illustrating the whole of the work. An account of the processes of heating by hot air and hot water, containing a proposal for heating whole blocks of houses by the latter method, closes a book rich in useful and original suggestions.

12. We are glad to see that the volume of *Catholic Sermons* preached at the last Plenary Council of Baltimore, and published in Dublin by Mr. Kelly, has reached a second edition. It has now the additional attraction of containing Father Burke's funeral oration on O'Connell. We have also to acknowledge a handsome volume of *Poems* by Charles Kent (Tucker), and the new volume of the "Sunday Library," called *The Nations Around*, by A. Geary (Macmillans). It is a clear and interesting sketch of what is known of the great Eastern Empires by which Palestine was surrounded. Those who remember the articles which we published some years ago on "The Daughters of the Duc d'Ayen" will be glad to learn that the volume on which they were chiefly founded, the *Memoirs of Madame de Montagu*, may now be obtained in an English translation (Burns and Oates).

Note to the Article on the Paraguay Reductions.

THE last Brazilian mail has brought the news of the end of the Paraguay war by the death of President Lopez and his eldest son. An influential London paper, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has remarked that this event puts an end, which is to be regretted, to the experiment made for so many years upon the Guarani race, whether the principle of absolute submission to authority is not the best for a nation. The writer of course ignores altogether the motive of such a submission as it existed under the Jesuits; and makes no distinction between the late phenomena of Paraguayan docility and its former manifestations under missionary government. The tenour of our article sufficiently indicates the cause of this very common mistake. We agree that the experiment can scarcely ever be tried again, and that this is to be regretted.

A. G.

*Letter from the Author of the Articles on the
Theory of Natural Selection.*

To the Editor,
Sir,

In the number of the MONTH for September last there is a passage open to misconstruction, but which unfortunately escaped my notice when correcting the press.

At page 228 I speak of some who "reign in English public opinion," and I find that it has been suspected that I here alluded, among others, to Professor Huxley.

I therefore beg to be allowed to state that such was by no means the case. The consideration which that Professor enjoys, as a teacher of biological science, is most justly his due, not only from his vast knowledge of the subject and untiring industry, but also from the admirable way in which he communicates portions of that knowledge to others.

Great, however, as is our admiration for this teacher, we must still distinguish between Professor Huxley as a naturalist and Professor Huxley as a metaphysician. In the latter capacity he has himself disclaimed the right to dogmatise.

I am, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLES ON THE
THEORY OF NATURAL SELECTION.

Note to a Translation from Christina Rossetti.

(IN THE "MONTH" FOR MARCH, 1870.)

IN order to protect our elegiacs at p. 367 from the charge of plagiarism, we must assure our readers that they were written before we got sight of the following hexameters, extracted from the MS. of a supposed admirer and imitator of Lucretius. Their resemblance to the verses of Miss Rossetti is sufficiently curious.

Nil tibi morte obita luctus iam proderit hilum,
Et desiderium viventibu' perficiendum'st.
Ergo consortis cum floribu' maesta cupressus
Nil erit, et frustra prope bustum tristia amici
Verba tibi ex animo dicent quos vivus amabas;
Quin etiam illa tibi quae cordi proxima, quae nunc,
Heus, insane! tuum pectus spe iactat inani.
Nequiquam, quoniam nil hos liquisse dolebis,
Quo nihil intersit memores sint necne relict.

The remaining lines of Miss Rossetti's short poem also curiously resemble another passage—

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain.
But, dreaming through the twilight
Which doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply, may forget.

Adde quod in terram quas caelum projicit umbras
Cernere non potis est in morte oculus, neque sensus
Imbre madescere, nec sopitæ colligere aures
Quem philomela suo veluti perculsa dolore
Fundit ad intentas questum sub vespere silvas.
Usque adeo in tumulto taciturna silentia rumpi
Non pote, quin istic eadem sint omnia semper.

H. W. CH.



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